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THE INTIMATE STORY
BEHIND THE ROYAL TOUR

BY PIERRE BERTON



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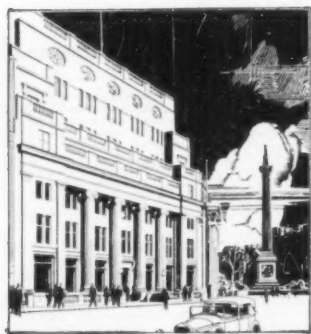


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TWO BRANCHES IN LONDON

Our main London office (*right*) is at 6 Lothbury, in the heart of the financial district, opposite Tivoli corner and the northern side of the Bank of England. Our West End Branch (*left*) is situated at 2 Cockspur St., just off Trafalgar Square, a step from Canada House and the Office of the High Commissioner.



Before you leave for England, call at any of our branches for travellers cheques and other financial arrangements for your trip. Ask for a free copy of our Coronation folder containing a handy map of London.

QUEEN MARY PASSES, BUT AN EXAMPLE ENDURES

THE GRAND and regal lady who died gracefully, as she had lived, in her mansion on the Mall a month ago, was not the forbidding dowager that has sometimes been represented. She knew how to laugh and she knew how to cry. She liked to whistle music-hall tunes in the palace corridors and tears would start into her eyes when she heard her granddaughter on the radio. She was a shy woman who blushed easily. As a child she would sometimes burst into tears when meeting strangers. As an adult she found she could not make public speeches.

All her life, she was neat, with never a hair out of place or a wrinkle in her dress. And this physical neatness was accompanied by an extraordinary neatness of mind. As a young princess touring the art galleries of Florence she came to realize that she was not educated and, as a result, she set herself a course of reading, six hours a day every day, which she carried on for seven years until her marriage. She read not only the classics but the newspapers as well. She read the blue book of the Select Commission on Sweated Labor and was horrified by what she read. From that moment on she refused to buy boots made in sweatshops or enter stores that didn't pay proper wages to their employees.

This curiosity about the world at large, this probing into dark corners and tiny crannies remained one of her great characteristics. She was always probing and examining and rejecting those elements in life which did not meet her high and unvarying standards.

In her later years she became a London fixture as she went about her self-appointed tasks, parasol clutched firmly in her hand, going into antique shops, arriving at the theatre, trudging resolutely down hospital corridors and past exhibition stalls and between the counters at charity bazaars, questioning and examining and inscribing it all in her neat mind for future reference. At the British Industries Fair, over a period of thirty-five years, she covered one hundred miles, more than anybody else had done.

And always there was curiosity and thoroughness in everything she did. During the war she resided on the country estate of Badminton

and, one day when she was walking about the estate, peering at flowers and poking at trees, a tangle of underbrush caught her eye. It was an affront to the neatness of her nature. It reminded her of the ivy which she disliked so much and which is forever blurring the clean lines of England's classical buildings. She was always ruthless with ivy. She snipped at it with secateurs when she had them and jabbed at it with her parasol when she hadn't. Now here was something far more monstrous than ivy in its lack of discipline. So she put on old clothes and thick gloves and conscripted a small army which attacked the underbrush for three hours a day, every day except Sundays, until the tangle was gone and one hundred and eleven acres of neatly furrowed meadowland replaced it.

All her life she brought order out of chaos. She snipped away at the chaos of royal knick-knackery in the palace as she snipped away at the ivy. For she believed that everything should be arranged gracefully in its place, as it had been in that tidier era into which she was born.

With her death, the thin thread that tied the age of Victoria to the age of Elizabeth II was broken. For Queen Mary was the last of the regal Victorians, the symbol of those uncompromising values that sometimes, in a mechanical age, seem to have been lost. She herself always knew what those values were and she never swerved from them any more than she swerved from the style of her shoes, which remained the same for more than forty years.

She examined the symbols of the new age with that same thoroughness that characterized her whole being, and she rejected those which did not seem to her to be appropriate. She would have no communion with telephones or typewriters for she was raised in an era when people wrote graceful letters by hand, and expected graceful answers. She would have no communion with the Duchess of Windsor, for she was raised in an era when divorce was beyond the pale.

She herself seemed to be eternal. Now she is gone. But the values for which she stood, and which she personified, will, we hope, always remain.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

ROBERT ZACKS was annoyed by an elderly relative who lost his sight. So he would understand the plight of this relative better, he blindfolded himself and for a day stumbled around in darkness. This taught him what the blind are up against and prompted him to write *Take Care of Uncle Harry*, the moving and unusual story on page 20. . . . **Alan Phillips** started gathering material for his article on Stratford, Ont. (*Shakespeare Gets a New Home*



Alan Phillips



Robert Zacks

Town, page 22), as long ago as he can remember. He was born there, back in 1916, and reports that Stratford is still his favorite place, although he has since done a lot of wandering. Phillips has been a life-

guard in Florida, a ranch-hand in Texas, a naval rating on the Atlantic, a National Film Board executive in Ottawa and a free-lance writer in Manitoba and British Columbia. With his wife and two daughters, he now makes Ottawa his base, writes for magazines, and does talks and drama scripts for the CBC. Currently, he is touring the prairies for Maclean's, so you'll be seeing more of his work in early issues. . . . **Pierre Berton** is turning his series of articles on *The Family in the Palace* (see page 12) into a book.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, MAY 1, 1953

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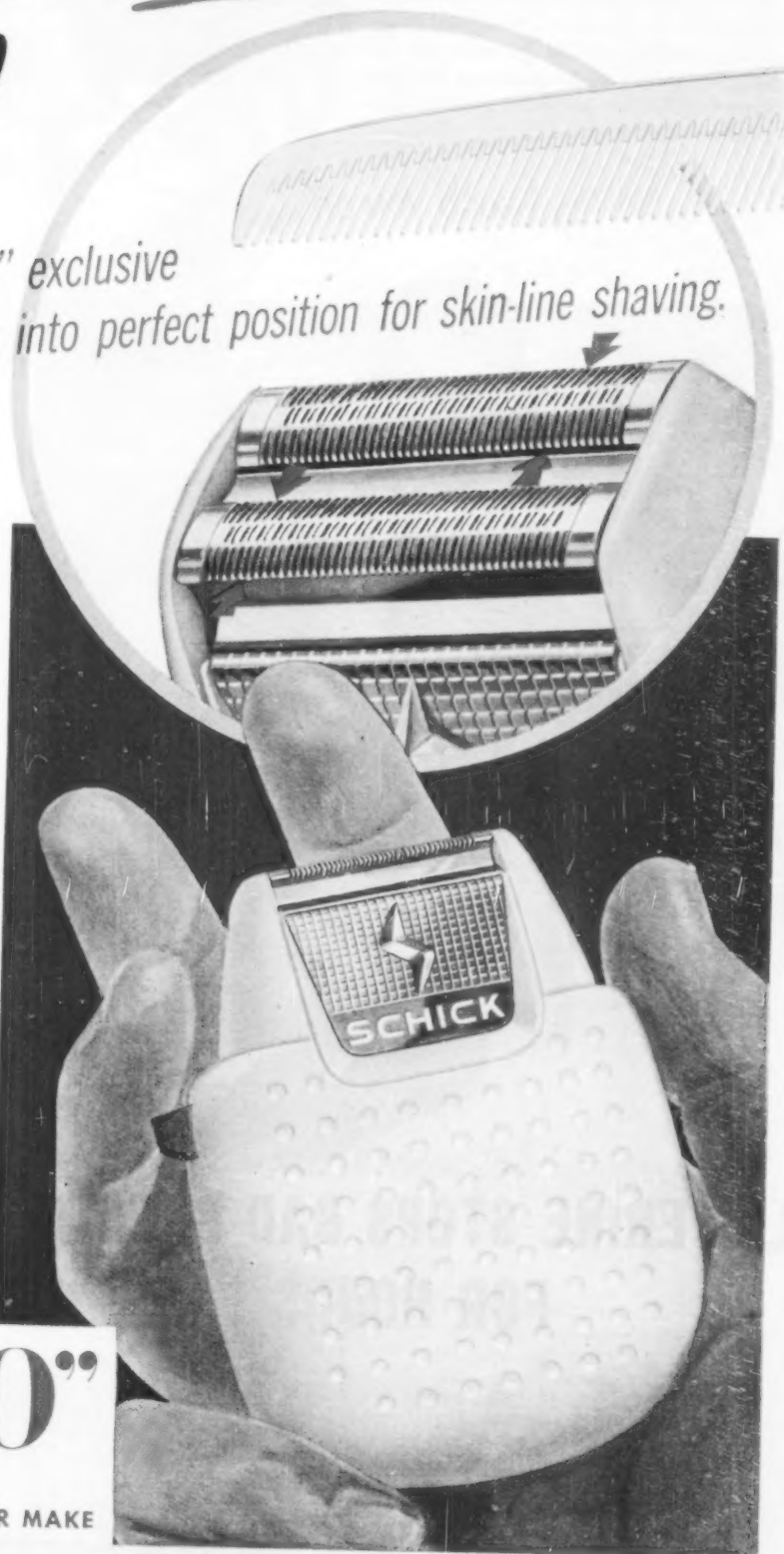
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Does she keep you up late

So much depends on whether your charm keeps on working. Freddy's didn't. Freddy was going great at half-past-eight, but by ten his girl was giving him the definite brush-off. And who could blame her? No girl wants to put up with a case of halitosis (bad breath).



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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



THE LASH IS THE ONLY ANSWER

I AM WRITING in my library with portraits of Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Disraeli and Joseph Chamberlain to remind me that he who sits in parliament has a responsibility to his age no matter the degree of his significance or insignificance.

Outside, in my sodden lifeless garden, it is still raining. In the centre of the terrace there is a wooden table flanked by four wooden chairs, soaked by weeks of rain, but waiting for spring, if it ever comes.

This sombre scene fits my mood. We have recently debated in the House the contentious matter of whether corporal punishment should be restored in Britain. The party whips were off and, on a free vote, the motion was defeated by one hundred and fifty-nine votes to sixty-three. Sixty-two others and me.

My position in holding a counter opinion to the majority was complicated by the fact that in 1948, in a similar debate on the issue of capital punishment, I wound up for the backbenchers and advocated the abolition of hanging because it seemed wrong for the state to take human life and thus prevent a murderer making peace with God.

On a free vote we carried the day with a tiny majority, and it may have been that my speech won over the four or five extra voters necessary to win the struggle in the Lobbies, although the abolition could not become law until it passed the House of Lords, which corresponds to the senate in other parliaments. But Mr. Chuter Ede, the home secretary at that time and therefore the minister responsible for the enforcement of the law, announced that until the Lords had given their verdict any criminals sentenced to death in the interval would be automatically reprieved from the rope.

By a fantastic coincidence the first murderer to be tried on the following day was a wretched fellow who had foully killed a policeman in my own constituency while I was in America. My constituents had such a regard for the murdered policeman, who was an exceptionally fine character, that they took up a subscription of nearly two thousand pounds for the widow.

And then their confounded MP turns up from his travels and helps to save the murderer from the gallows! I was regarded by many of my supporters as a miserable fellow, a sentimentalist, a poseur, and even a hypocrite. In fairness a goodly number credited me with sincerity, but thought I was wrong.

To complete that chapter, the Lords reversed the decision of the House of Commons and hanging was duly restored—except for those who had been reprieved during the intervening period. In other words the murderer of my policeman lives on in prison detained "according to Her Majesty's pleasure."

The odd thing is that in that same 1948 debate we abolished all forms of corporal punishment except for attacks on prison warders, and this was sustained by the Upper House. In the years that have followed no criminal, however vile his brutality, has been flogged or birched except, as stated, if he attacked a warder.

And now, also on a free vote, parliament has reaffirmed that corporal punishment shall not be meted out to our wrongdoers.

It is quite true that there has not been any increase in the number of brutal crimes since we did away with corporal punishment, but on the other hand there has been a deplorable increase in the sheer brutality of the crimes. Almost every day the newspapers publish stories of "cosh" boys who beat an old woman into a pulp to steal her money. Savage attacks are made on bank messengers and drivers of mail vans.

It is difficult to explain why this should be, for the average Briton is not a brutal fellow. Apologists have argued that it is an aftermath of the war in which we trained Commandos to be murderers in uniform. But an examination of the facts proves there is nothing in that argument. There is not a single case where an ex-Commando has been arrested for criminal assault. Soldiers are not brutalized by war. On the contrary war sickens them of violence. These crimes are mostly committed by men who never served in action, although some of them have been identified as deserters.

Continued on page 42



Judge Jeffreys



Mary I



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

The Election Mud Starts to Fly

OFFICIALLY the federal election campaign hasn't opened even now, but unofficially it's been going on all through the session. A lot of political infighting has already taken place and some rather low blows have been struck.

For example, there was the industrious and successful circulation by the Liberals of a rumor that George Drew was to be fired from the Conservative leadership before the election. This got into print in several newspapers, finally had to be denied by such eminent Conservatives as Premier Leslie Frost of Ontario and George Nowlan, MP, president of the National Progressive Conservative Association.

Conservatives admit that the story wasn't necessarily devoid of any grain of truth. There has always been a group of rich men—"Bay Street colons," the Conservatives call them—who fancy themselves the owners of the Progressive Conservative Party and who speak of its members as if they were menial employees. These moguls dislike defeat and they have been displeased with George Drew ever since he failed to win the 1949 election. From time to time the most incredible stories seep out of Toronto and Montreal clubs, reports of overheard conversations among tycoons who are deciding to fire the present Conservative leader and hire a new one.

But the Liberals know better than most people how empty these trumpeting are. The only way a new Conservative leader could be chosen would be by a party convention, summoned by George Nowlan in his capacity as president of the association. One of the candidates

rumored as George Drew's successor was Dr. Sidney Smith, president of the University of Toronto. When Nowlan's confidential secretary was asked about this one she replied quite innocently, "Who is Sidney Smith?"

It takes months to plan a party convention, more months to build up a new party leader. No party in its right mind would switch leaders on the eve of a campaign, and the Liberals know this very well. But that did not prevent them from pushing the Drew story with energy and adroitness.

PROBABLY the nastiest foul of the whole campaign was the one thrown by a Liberal backbencher named Joseph Gour, of Russell County, an eastern Ontario riding which includes some suburbs of Ottawa.

Speaking in French to a half-empty House one Friday evening Gour remarked that the Leader of the Opposition had exposed Canada to ridicule in Europe "because he sent his children to school there."

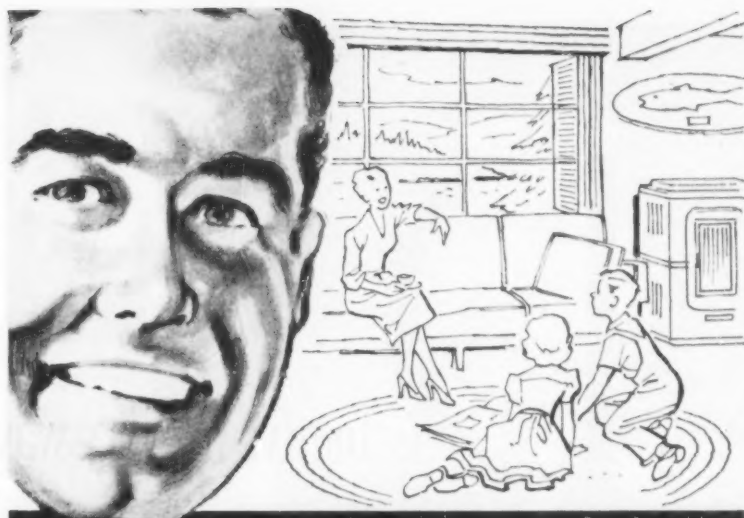
"People often mentioned this fact to me last summer, during my trip when I had the pleasure of visiting six countries overseas," said Gour. "They would put this question to me: 'Are there good schools in your country?' To my reply 'You couldn't have any better,' they would answer 'That's what we always heard. How is it then that . . . the Leader of the Opposition in Canada wants to send his children to study outside your country?'"

By a fortunate combination of circumstances the two Drew children have been

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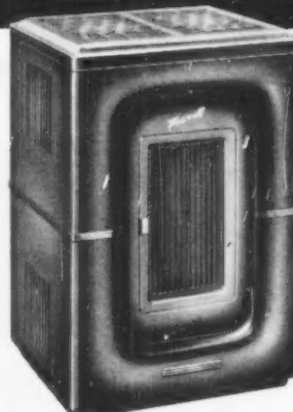


Cartoon by Grassick



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KEEP WARM with a
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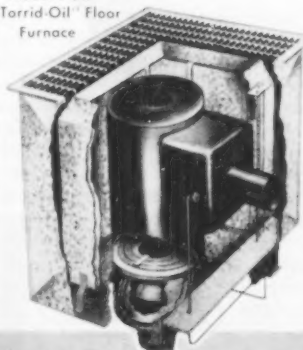
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*DeSoto "Tip-Toe" Shift, finest of no-shift driving, standard equipment on all models. Fluid Torque Drive for sprinter starts and DeSoto Full Power Steering available on all models at extra cost. Power Brakes available on FireDome models at extra cost.

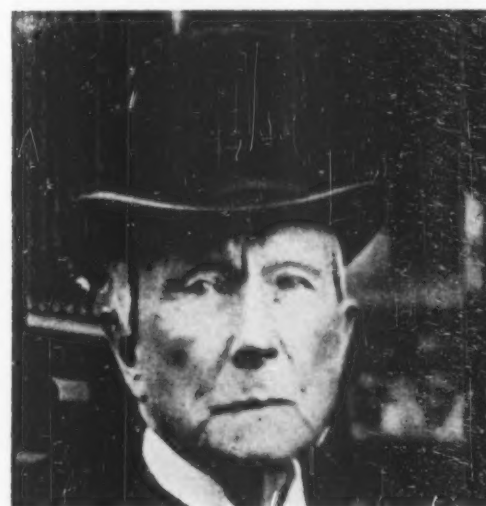
SEE THEM AT YOUR DODGE-DESOTO DEALER TODAY

The Boy Who Listened To Rockefeller

By MCKENZIE PORTER



As a youth Cyrus Eaton met John D. Rockefeller Sr. and set out to be a miniature Rockefeller himself.



Cyrus Eaton, a theological student from Pugwash, N.S., went to dinner with the richest man in the world fifty years ago. There he relearned the Parable of the Talents and forsook the pulpit for the earthy heaven of the multimillionaire

DURING THE year 1900 when John D. Rockefeller was the richest man on earth he entertained at Forest Hill, his estate in Cleveland, Ohio, a seventeen-year-old Baptist theological student called Cyrus Eaton who came from the skimpy village of Pugwash, Nova Scotia, and believed it was wicked to amass wealth.

Rockefeller, sensing the tender idealism of his guest, delivered a dinner-table homily on the art of emulating Croesus without offending Christ, and the budding young clergyman marveled as at a revelation.

Eaton's plans for spreading The Light through the Baptist ministry were quickly modified to suit a less spiritual medium. He soon applied himself to illuminating the fast-growing Middle West with the sort of incandescence that comes not from the pulpit but the gasworks.

Ten years later, at twenty-seven, he was worth between three million and four million dollars. But he never missed a Sunday at church.

During the early Thirties, when depression struck and he lost one hundred million dollars, he clung to his faith in total immersion and got it all back.

Today, at seventy, he dominates vast iron, steel, coal and railroad interests in Canada and the United States and is reputed to be among the twenty richest men on this continent. But now he attributes his position to a religious philosophy drawn from sources far beyond the limits of his early Baptist creed. "It comes down," he says, "to Spinoza's axiom: 'No regrets; no fears.'"

Cyrus Eaton is one of the most controversial financiers of this century. His enemies say he dons a saintly mask from behind which he mutters orders that push corporations around like pawns. His friends praise his scholarly grasp of modern business complexities and ethics.

Eaton is chairman of Otis and Company, a Cleveland banking house which has battled such Wall Street titans as Morgan Stanley and Company and Kuhn Loeb and Company. He is chairman of the Portsmouth Steel Corporation, a holding company with heavy interests in the one-hundred-million-dollar Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company and the eighty-million Detroit Steel Company. He is the biggest stockholder in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company which has assets of nine hundred

millions. He is a director of the Sherwin-Williams Paint Company and of the West Kentucky Coal Company, both among the foremost in their field.

In Canada Cyrus Eaton is best known as the chairman of Steep Rock Iron Mines, in western Ontario. These were first tapped by draining a lake at great financial hazard in 1942, today produce two million tons of ore a year and, within the next few years, may step up output to ten million tons a year. Recently Eaton announced the discovery of big new iron-ore fields three hundred miles north of the Labrador-Quebec claims which will be opened next year.

The influence of Rockefeller on Eaton's life is patent and the parallel between their two careers is so marked that many believe the proselyte regards himself as a living miniature of the master who died in 1937.

Both left scuff-knuckled farming communities to free their trammelled intellects in the city. Both impressed early superiors by fulfilling the Alger ideal of piety, prudence, diligence and vigilance for opportunity. Both eschewed the vulgarities of tycoons and climbed ever upward, with ascetic

CYRUS EATON, NOW 70, KEEPS "IN THE PINK"



In 1915, already wealthy, Eaton played strong tennis; thirty-five years later, he skis.



At his rugged summer place in Nova Scotia, Eaton each year gathers up all his grandchildren who can walk and shows them how much fun work can be. Parents aren't invited.



On his home property outside Cleveland, Ohio, Eaton inspects his prize Shorthorns. He believes Nova Scotia is missing a good bet by not going into beef-raising in a big way.

detachment, to that Olympus on which gather the few who can find full self-expression only in hundreds of millions.

Eaton's image jumps into the minds of intimates whenever anybody speaks of a man "in the pink of condition." He is six feet tall and weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds. When he moves it is with the elasticity of one thirty years his junior.

His snow-white hair is thick and close-cropped. His blue eyes sparkle with animation at recollection of his Homeric market battles. His features glow with a clarity which springs from hot water with every meal to aid digestion, and his nostrils are flared through years of inhaling great gulps of what he describes as "our cool clean northern air."

Although he has an extensive vocabulary Eaton overworks the word "wholesome." He is softly spoken and so punctilious of manner that he helps young men on with their overcoats.

Eaton often works twelve and fourteen hours a day and travels thousands of miles a month. Last January, within the space of a week, he was in Cleveland, Toronto, Montreal, New York and Washington without showing a trace of fatigue or a rumpled cuff.

For years he has preached social and economic gospels which in his own sphere amount to heresy; steeped himself in a catholic range of classical literature; chosen the company of scholars in preference to fellow magnates; fearlessly challenged superior financial forces in struggles for controlling interest in corporations; and left antagonists bruised and bewildered by whirling stock-market conflicts in which they knew not whether they were grappling with a priest or a pirate.

In Cleveland, where Eaton has lived ever since his first fortuitous meeting with Rockefeller, there is a financial editor who says: "All his life he's been a fighter. Some of the 'boys' in this town have been trying to get him for years. But I guess he's too fit for them."

The smooth and contemptuous manner in which Eaton took nineteen million dollars off the notorious Samuel Insull in the late Twenties has never been forgotten in Cleveland. During one of Eaton's law cases an opposition lawyer declared bitterly: "I deeply disapprove of using other people's money to secure industrial power. I think industry should be governed by industrialists and not by investment bankers whether they are Mr. Insull or Mr. Eaton."

Many times he has been accused of pulling fast deals and has perpetuated the Rockefeller tradition by answering for his actions before Congressional committees. He has always succeeded in vindicating himself.

About six years ago his banking firm of Otis and Company contracted to underwrite ten million dollars' worth of new stock in the Kaiser-Frazer automobile corporation. On the day before the stock was due for issue Otis and Company repudiated the deal. This caused a sensation in financial circles and shook confidence in Kaiser-Frazer. The car makers sued for damages and were awarded more than two million dollars. Last year the federal Court of Appeal quashed the decision and upheld Eaton's plea that Kaiser-Frazer had misrepresented profits to Otis and Company.

William R. Daley, president of Otis and Company, often called "Eaton's sidekick," told a Press conference that Eaton had "saved the public millions of dollars by refusing to be a party to the sale of the stock."

Eaton is often under fire in Cleveland for his reputed hostility to Senator Robert Taft. Although Eaton has Republican sympathies he was accused in 1951 of contributing thirty thousand dollars to the campaign funds of a United Mine Workers candidate who fought unsuccessfully against Taft in the 1950 election. The legal limit, it was argued, was five thousand dollars and Eaton was alleged to have given the rest in the name of employees. Eaton defended himself by a straight rebuttal of the legal argument. "There is," he said, "absolutely no limit under Ohio law to contributions in a state campaign."

Recently he aroused the ire of Taft men once

more by lending more than seven million dollars to the staff of the Cincinnati Enquirer so that they could buy the newspaper from the estate which owned it, save it from folding, and carry on the fight against Taft publications.

Eaton says he believes in increasing employee participation in industry and made the loan partly as a concrete expression of his views and partly because it was a good business deal.

Some years ago he told A. L. Caron, a Montreal financier, that business ethics in Canada were much higher than those prevailing in the United States. He said recently that in the U. S. "it would appear there is no pity for those who falter. When a man is having tough sledding his stock is cheaper to buy and that is all that matters. Instead of helping him up it is traditional to push him over and take all he's got. I have seen men ruined by the raising of an eyebrow at mention of their credit."

Eaton claims to be the only man alive of a group which controlled Middle West industry at the time of the 1929 stock-market crash. "The rest of them," he says, "were all killed by the shock of the disaster."

When the smoke of that catastrophe cleared, disclosing the prostrate forms of many Ohio giants, a Cleveland Plain Dealer reporter noted Cyrus Eaton still driving to work in his open car behind a chauffeur, smiling serenely.

Eaton's ancestors were a mixture of immigrant Scots and United Empire Loyalists. When he was born in 1883 and christened Cyrus Stephen Eaton his father ran a small farm and general store at Pugwash, N.S., a few miles east of the New Brunswick border. It was a poor farming and fishing district then, remote from urban markets in Quebec and Ontario and deprived of natural markets in New England by tariffs.

Eaton was one in that great exodus of Maritime youth which produced men like Andrew Bonar Law, Lord Beaverbrook and Sir James Dunn. But early hardships never enveloped him in the flinty shell so common to self-made men of his generation. Since childhood he has been celebrated for the softness and gentility of his manner.

"I'll never forget the first day he came into the schoolroom at Pugwash," says Dr. G. W. O'Brien, now of Amherst, N.S. "He had the bluest eyes, the fairest hair and the pinkest cheeks you ever saw and he was the envy of all the ladies and a perfect little gentleman. He still is one of the best-looking men this country ever produced."

Eaton was an excellent scholar and the pet of his teacher Margaret King, after whom, years later, he was to name a new elaborately equipped school he endowed in Pugwash.

His father, the late Joseph Howe Eaton, once said: "When he was six years old I could leave him in the store for hours alone and he never failed my confidence. His qualifications for the world of big business are brains and absolute trustworthiness."

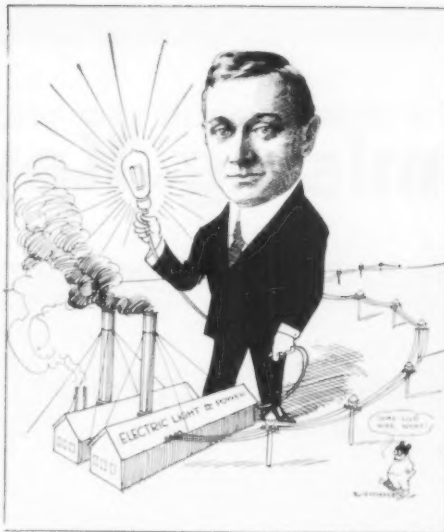
When Eaton was fourteen his idol was his uncle Charles A. Eaton, who years later became a famous United States Congressman and a molder of American foreign policy, and who died last January at eighty-four.

Uncle Charles had joined the Baptist ministry after a spell as a reporter in Toronto. Cyrus Eaton says it was a true sense of vocation that took him, in turn, to Woodstock College, the Baptist college at Woodstock, Ont. There he proved one of the most devout and brilliant of students. During the holidays he went to stay with his Uncle Charles who was only fourteen years older and more like a brother, and who now was minister at Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, in Cleveland.

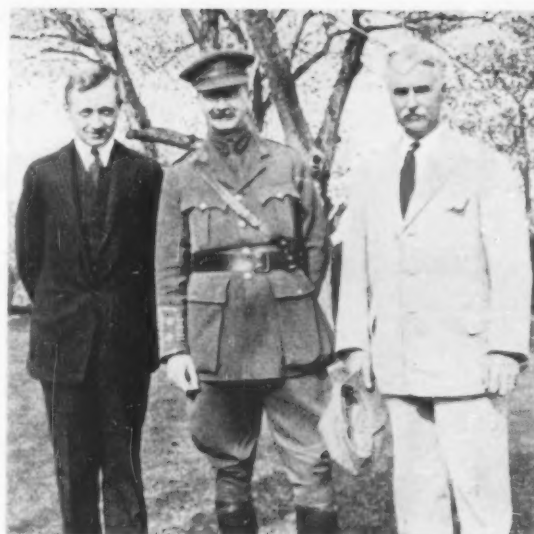
Among Uncle Charles' social commitments—were dining and golfing with John D. Rockefeller, the pillar of the congregation. At dinner the conversation was a nicely balanced blend of religion and finance. At golf the players made their way around Rockefeller's flat course on bicycles. The others had to pedal but Rockefeller was pushed by a hired man.

One night in 1900 Cyrus Eaton was summoned with his Uncle to a

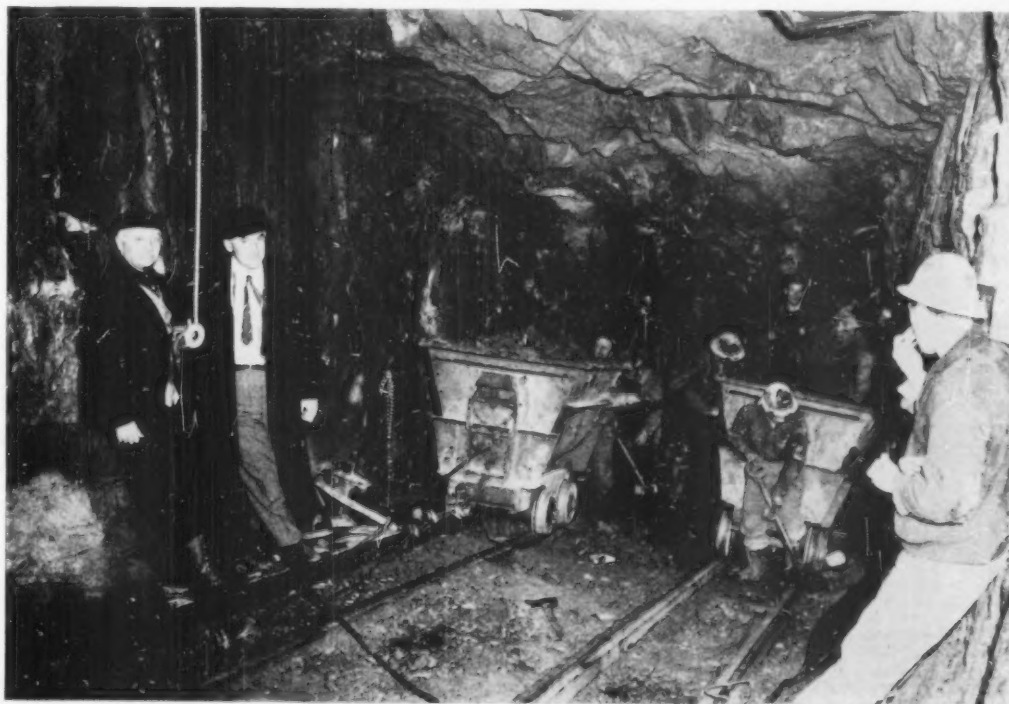
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Cleveland cartoon in 1913 noted a new giant in utilities. During World War I, Eaton posed with Colonel C. L. Starr, chief of Canada's Medical Corps, and his uncle, Congressman Charles Eaton.



Eaton (right) was present in 1939 when Ralph C. Day, Mayor of Toronto, with Sir William Mulock, then Ontario's Chief Justice, extended freedom of the city to ex-U.S. President Herbert Hoover.



With U.S. geologist Hugh Roberts, Eaton (left) inspects tunnel that drained Steep Rock Lake, Ont.

GLUCOSAMINE

The Most Promising Key To Cancer

By ERIC HUTTON

PHOTOS BY SUE SPENCER

THE DAY before this article was written a white mouse named B-4 died of cancer in a Montreal hospital laboratory. What makes the small tragedy news is the fact that this mouse lived eighty-seven days after it contracted the disease and that an identical mouse, A-4, which developed cancer at the same time, survived just twenty-seven days. The only difference between the mice was this: B-4 had been given a daily injection of a substance known as glucosamine.

These two mice were not an isolated pair. They are mentioned specifically only because they bring up to date a phenomenon which has been repeating itself with fascinating consistency for the last two years. They are average members of a force of more than two hundred mice which, in squads of twenty, may well have been engaged in making medical history. The story of their lives, written tersely in a worn laboratory casebook, reads thus:

GROUP A: All with well-established cancers. Tumors increased rapidly and consistently in size. In twenty days members of this group began to die. In forty days all were dead.

GROUP B: All with well-established cancers; but at twenty days their tumors were little more than quarter the size of those in group A, the tissues of the cancer showed extensive disintegration, and only a few hardy malignant cells remained active around the edges of the growth. The first deaths in this group usually occurred after seventy days, and at one hundred days some of the mice were still alive. The normal life span of a healthy mouse of this strain is estimated at one hundred and eighty days.

The only difference in the treatment of group A and the group which, with the same fatal disease,

lived up to five times longer, was this: Group B had been given glucosamine daily. That name, glucosamine, is the key word in the story of a significant Canadian medical discovery.

How significant? The first answer is that although the discovery must, of course, stand on its own feet, the reputation and past performance of the men behind the research is significant. One is Dr. J. H. Quastel, professor of biochemistry of McGill University and director of the Montreal General Hospital Research Institute. The other is Dr. Antonio Cantero, one of Canada's truly international medical scientists. Canadian born and a McGill graduate, Cantero spends part of the year as head of the cancer-research laboratory of Notre Dame Hospital, Montreal, and part as co-director of the Cancer Institute of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Quastel is known as a biochemist who "delivers the goods." Working in so fundamental a field, many a biochemist completes a useful and productive career without making a single original contribution to the average man's way of life. But Quastel has already created two minor revolutions in aspects of modern existence. He was the central figure in the research which produced 2-4-D, the compound which destroys weeds but does not harm grasses. Although Canadians know 2-4-D most familiarly as the lawn spray which is a boon to tired suburban gardeners, it plays a more vital role in increased production of sugar cane and other mass-grown grasslike crops. More recently Quastel completed development of a synthetic organic compound, launched sensationally last summer under the trade name Krilium. It is a means of converting poor sterile soils into granular fertile garden loam overnight.

It is more than a coincidence that the same man should produce 2-4-D, a selective plant killer, and now a compound which has an essentially similar effect on mouse-cancer cells. Both are, in fact, results of what might be called the same scientific train of thought. Of his new discovery, glucosamine, Quastel says:

"We certainly do not claim to have discovered a 'cure for cancer.' What we have done is to open up a new and promising breach for the attack of science on cancer. We believe it is particularly promising because glucosamine is not a 'foreign' substance—it belongs in the body; because it definitely damages the cancers on which we have tried it, and, most important, because it appears to have no ill effects on the healthy organs and tissues of the body."

This view is confirmed by the National Cancer Institute of Canada. An institute spokesman says: "The findings of Dr. Quastel and Dr. Cantero have opened a new approach to the chemotherapy of cancer. The main interest of their work lies in the fact that a substance normally found in the body, and noninjurious in the doses used, seems to have a definite inhibitory effect on the growth of a specific animal tumor. Research workers elsewhere will doubtless determine the effects of the substance on other tumors and attempt to find out more about its mechanism of action."

"The story of how glucosamine came to be used on tumors demonstrates that cancer-research support must cover all aspects of fundamental biological enquiry if we are to find the new leads so necessary for the eventual conquest of the disease."

The British *Lancet*, regarded as one of the most authoritative and most conservative of medical journals, took prompt notice of the first cautious bulletin issued to the specialized world of medical science by Quastel and Cantero. Said *Lancet*:

The search for substances which have the power to inhibit the growth of tumors is one of the rational ways of tackling the cancer problem. Quastel and Cantero, working in Montreal, have now examined the properties of a new tumor inhibitor, glucosamine.

After detailing the findings the medical journal adds:

Before this substance could justifiably be used for human tumors, a wider variety of animal tumors must be tested and the long-term effects of glucosamine on normal tissues must be studied. Nonetheless, this type of experiment, based on reasonable theoretical grounds, should be encouraged and extended.

The layman cannot read into these cautious statements more than they say. But anyone familiar with the cancer problem and the caution of cancer authorities will recognize these early appraisals of glucosamine's action as being as close to enthusiasm as the experts dare go.

The cancer problem is, briefly, this: Cancer is not an attack on the body by external enemies such as germs or viruses; not the deterioration of an organ or body tissues. Cancer is the unexplainable, uncontrollable growth of cells which should not grow, cells which previously were a normal healthy part of the body. The body does not possess or acquire resistance to this sudden perversion of its normal life processes. On the contrary, the very functions which support the body's well-being also support the cancer which will eventually destroy it.

What causes cancer, nobody knows. No certain cure has been discovered. Cancers in an accessible site, if treated before colonies of malignant cells break off and spread through the body, can often be successfully dealt with by surgery, radiation or a combination of both. Cancers more deeply seated yield to treatment less often. Survival of a patient for five years after treatment is considered one index of "successful treatment." When colonies of malignant cells spread from the original site, treatment is almost always fruitless.

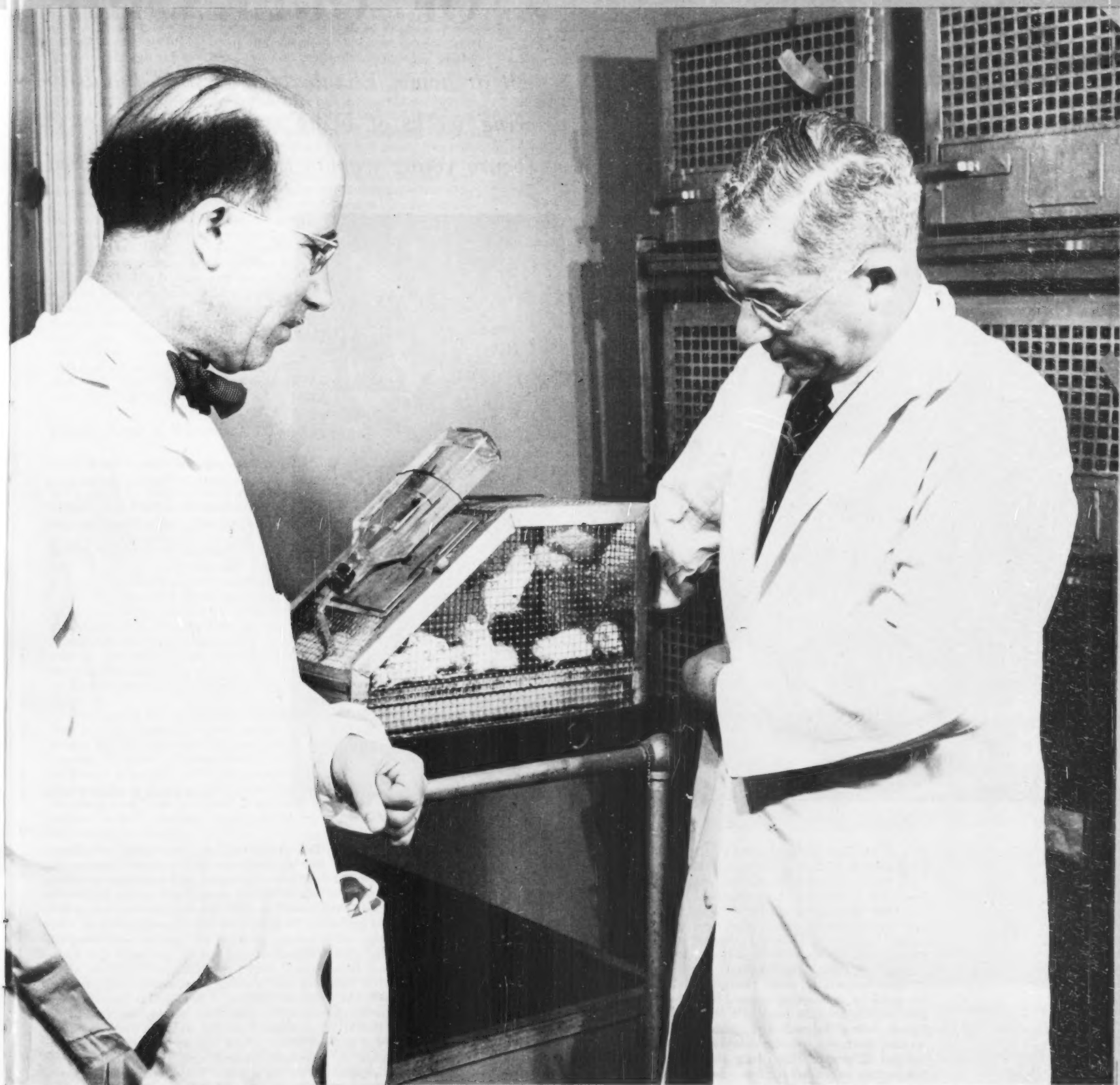
Cancer is second only to heart disease as the greatest cause of death. Every year more people die of cancer, and the only "favorable" fact concerning this melancholy statistic is that the increase is largely, perhaps almost entirely, due to the circumstance that medical science has extended the human life span, and thus saved many people from other causes of death. This is why the discovery of a cure for cancer would be the medical news event of the century; why medical authorities approach developments in the cancer field with a caution which almost banishes

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Glucosamine headquarters: the Montreal General Hospital's Research Institute, the former home of the Morgan family of department-store renown.

The mice and men in this picture may bring Canada a fame beyond reckoning as they work together in fashioning a bright new weapon in the ceaseless war against cancer



Scientists J. H. Quastel (right) and Antonio Cantero in Montreal laboratory examine cancerous mice treated with glucosamine. Quastel discovered Krilium.

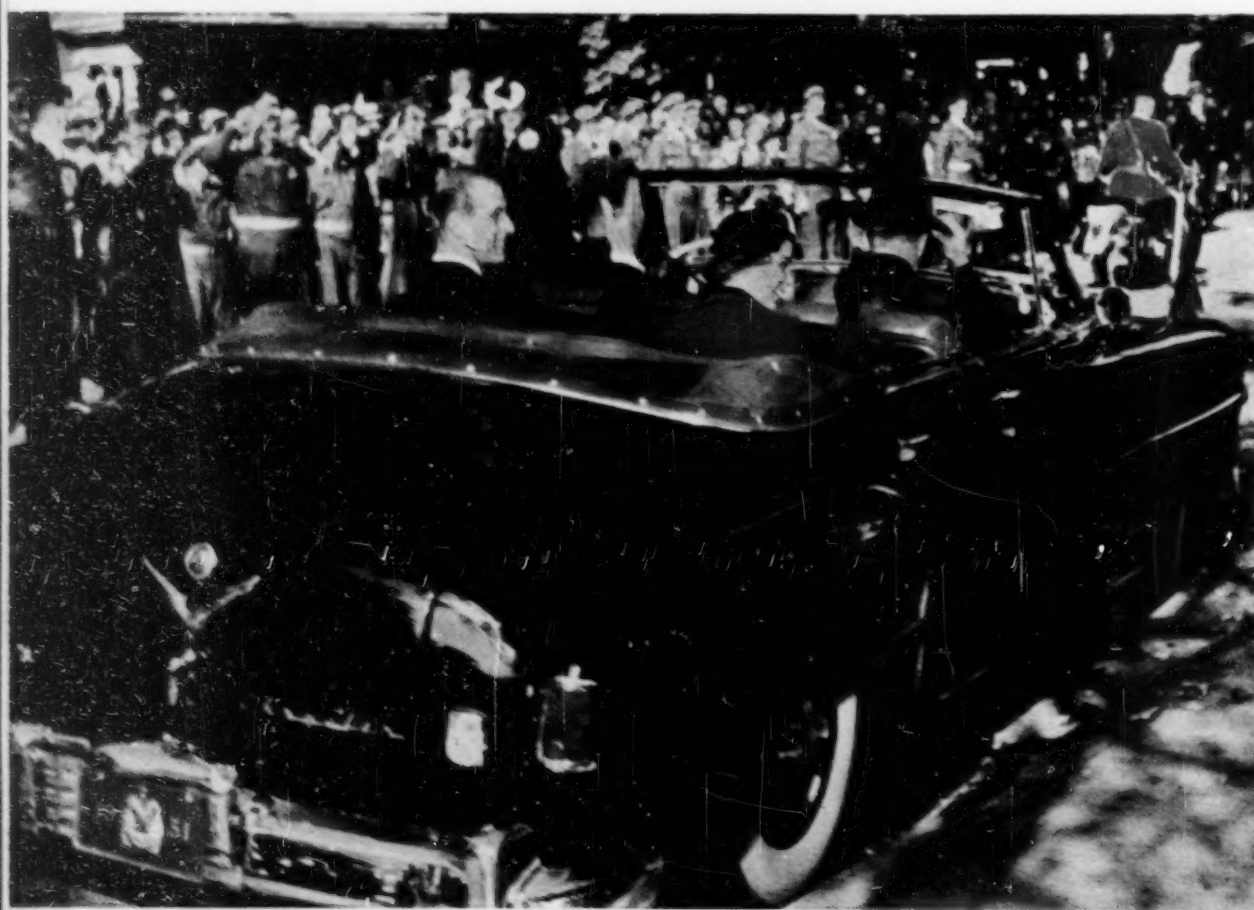


THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE:

PART FOUR OF SEVEN PARTS: BY PIERRE BERTON

THE FIRST TASTE OF QUEENSHIP

As Heiress Presumptive, her father critically ill at home, Elizabeth came to Canada to undergo her test of fire. And, after five wearing weeks of being stared at constantly, she left a noticeably happier and much more secure young woman than when she arrived



The constant sea of faces made officials dizzy, but the royal couple always had a smile. At Niagara Falls, Ont., they drive off after attending a local church service.

COLOR PHOTOS BY GILBERT A. MILNE

ON OCT. 8, 1951, a crowd of fifteen thousand Canadians stood silently at Dorval airport, Quebec, and watched a pale young woman in a short mink coat and teal blue dress step hesitantly down the gangway of an aircraft. It was observed that the small black handbag on her left arm was trembling and that as she greeted her welcome she continually moistened her dry lips. Only by an iron self-control did she conceal how nervous she really was. Thus, under the worst of conditions, did Canadians catch their first glimpse of Elizabeth of England.

Five weeks later, under rather different circumstances, they bade her good-by, a laughing relaxed figure with a scarf tossed over her hair, smiling into the teeth of a Newfoundland gale. She boarded a lighter, waved farewell and headed out over the choppy sea to a waiting destroyer. Almost everybody else on the lighter was seasick, but not Elizabeth. She swung aboard ship in good fettle and when the captain asked her if there was anything she wanted she replied, "I'm famished. I'd like to eat right away." Then, with the most exacting job of her young career behind her, she relaxed with a copy

of the best-seller *Kon-Tiki* as the ship took her home to England.

In between these two incidents she had traveled close to ten thousand miles by aircraft, train, limousine and destroyer; inspected twenty-four guards of honor, signed twenty-one golden books and shaken hands with fifty-three Canadian mayors, their wives and their associates. She had eaten Nova Scotian and Laurentian trout, Cape Breton partridge and Winnipeg goldeye, elk, grouse, wild goose and pheasant under glass, smoked salmon, caviar, sowbelly and fiddleheads. She had been given a ruby pin, a diamond necklace, a gold bracelet, a silver cigarette box, a string of emeralds, and platinum earrings shaped like dogwood flowers, a thousand-dollar cheque, a combination radio-phonograph, a Cowichan Indian sweater, a pair of moccasins, a box of maple sugar, a stuffed lion cub, a cowboy hat, a pair of beaver gauntlets, twenty-three official bouquets (almost all from little girls in gossamer dresses) and thirteen illuminated addresses all beginning with the words: "May it please Your Royal Highness." She had pumped official hands at the rate of about thirty thousand a week and she had heard the National Anthem

played about one hundred and fifty times. All across the country the twenty-one guns of a royal salute had thundered, and she had jumped quite noticeably each time they did.

She had, as expected, survived her first overseas tour, which, next to a coronation, is the most arduous and complicated piece of pageantry that royalty has to face. The present Duke of Windsor shook so many hands in his 1919 tour of Canada that he was forced to wear his arm in a sling, and in his tour of Australia he made so many speeches that his voice was reduced to a whisper. When Elizabeth toured Africa with her parents in 1947 all were sometimes ill from exhaustion; Margaret quite often dropped to sleep from fatigue before an important ceremony; and George VI lost fourteen pounds in weight.

The tour of Canada was Elizabeth's test by fire. For the first time in her life the girl of twenty-six from the cloisters of Windsor found herself completely on her own. All the public decisions were hers to make. Though she had the advice of her husband and her aides, hers was the final responsibility.

Those close to her suggest she almost suffered a nervous breakdown during the opening days of the long trek across the continent. It was not so much a physical strain as a mental one. The tour was in a sense a preview of queenship, at once terrifying and inspiring.

She arrived in Canada a badly worried young woman. She was worried about her father who lay ill from a critical operation and was far sicker than the public knew; she was worried about her own appearance which had been criticized (she felt she was too heavy in the bosom); she was worried about the strange new country whose character and breadth she did not fully understand; and she was worried about arriving in the heart of French Canada, whose people she had been told didn't like the English. Finally, there was a crowning worry about herself, about her ability to do the job, about the mistakes she felt she was bound to make.

Her husband got her to bed early aboard the BOAC aircraft that brought them to Canada. She could not sleep. She rose again and the two of them went down into the bar in the belly of the ship and rolled dice. Elizabeth could not concentrate very well. Philip tried to teach her a game called "liar dice" which involves the purposeful telling of untruths, but she did not catch on to it. Finally he grinned and said, "You'll never make a good liar with that empire on your shoulders." Then they went to bed.

Philip Kept a Wisecrack Ready

As she stepped from the plane at Dorval she was taken aback by the wave of silence that greeted her. It was the first of many surprises in Canada. In England she had been used to the cheers of the crowd and she could not know that in this case the crowd was as awed and uncertain as she was. The Duke patted her arm to reassure her and she gave him a grateful little look. But her own uncertainty persisted as they drove to the waiting train. On board he turned to her and said, "Darling, you look simply smashing!" At this calculated compliment her face lit up in animation.

In Toronto a few days later she got her second surprise. She was to be received by the mayor at the city hall and she had expected a ceremony rather like the kind she was used to in cities like Birmingham, which is roughly comparable: a few civic officials in a fumed-oak council chamber, a glass of sherry, some careful small talk. Instead she found herself in the bright glare of an outdoor platform in front of thousands of people who choked the streets as far as the eye could see.

But, as the tour progressed, Elizabeth began to relax. This was due in large measure to her husband whose manner in the early stages had an ease about it that was in sharp contrast to her own tension. Normally, it was their habit at receptions to talk separately to groups of people, but if the crowd around her began to press he would move in closer as if to protect her from it. Once, when she had reviewed a regiment and was left standing alone with a hundred-yard walk to make to the dais, he sprinted fifty yards to catch up to her so she wouldn't be alone.

It was Philip who kept Elizabeth smiling and relaxed in the tours through the cities. "I've seen that woman before," he would say, pointing at someone in the crowd. "I remember her by her teeth." Elizabeth would brighten up. Sometimes he would crack a joke to take the weariness from her face. In receiving lines, if she seemed to tire, he would give her a respite from handshaking by detaining the next person in line in conversation.

The limousines in which they rode were all equipped with radios and Philip insisted that these be kept on during the official drives. He had the radio tuned to the local broadcast of the tour and it became a game with the royal couple to see where the announcer was giving his broadcast from. "Bet you half a crown I can find out where he is before you do," Philip would say, and Elizabeth would smile and answer, "You're on." Whenever they spotted their man they would wave directly at him and then giggle with delight to hear the voice on the air saying, "I believe the Princess just waved at me."

The radio had another use. Neither was well briefed on Canadian landmarks, but they learned something about each area from the



Philip donned a stetson at miniature Stampede in Calgary. Mayor Don Mackay gave running commentary. Electric blanket, under HBC robes, fought the zero weather.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ▶



Through the Trying Ordeal of a major Royal tour

**BRITISH COLUMBIA**

On scenic run to Vancouver Island, royal couple enjoy sea breezes.

**ALBERTA**

Somewhere between Edmonton and Rockies, Elizabeth drove train.

**SASKATCHEWAN**

Plastic "bubble" was fabricated in time for city drive in Saskatoon.

**NEW BRUNSWICK**

They inspect a proud Canadian Army honor guard at Fredericton.

broadcasters who always identified the spot they were talking from. In close quarters, when moving from car to train or inspecting lines of school children, Elizabeth played another game which she explained later to a friend in England. "I always smiled directly at the announcers," she said, "because I knew it would put them off."

As the tour moved on, the two learned to talk to each other in public without moving their lips or changing expression. The Duke would lean slightly toward his wife and say something and her mouth would twitch. Then he would catch her hand and squeeze it. Sometimes, at official banquets, he would tease her to make her smile and she would give him a kind of bat with her hand under the table. She in turn teased him unmercifully when the girls along the route shouted "Phil! Phil!" at the royal car.

Before it was over they were working as a smooth team, signaling each other with glances or slight movements of the hand and complementing each other's job in various small ways. When a child threw a bouquet at the limousine, Elizabeth missed the gesture, but Philip saw it and drew her around in time for her to acknowledge it with a wave. At the military hospital in Saint John she missed speaking to the oldest veteran. Philip spotted him almost in tears, walked over and talked to him, watching his wife all the time out of the corner of his eye. On the other hand, Elizabeth was quick to notice when Philip made a mistake. When he forgot to back away from the Cenotaph in Ottawa she turned him about and when he started to sit down prematurely at the Winnipeg ballet she told him, out of the corner of her mouth, to stay on his feet.

Through it all, Elizabeth never forgot the tour's main purpose: to display the heiress presumptive to the people. In Toronto she refused to let the car move more than four miles an hour any place there were spectators, even though the official itinerary called for speeds of twenty-five. When she switched cars on the trip into Toronto from Malton airport, it was not because of the cold but because she thought people could see her better in a closed car with lights on. This didn't work too well and as a result she and Philip asked that spotlights be placed in the open car. The operation was performed on a siding near the Royal York Hotel and the royal couple themselves sat in the car and helped direct proceedings, thus holding up the official banquet half an hour—an oversight that almost drove the chef to distraction for the ice was melting around his fruit cups.

It was at this point that the famous plexiglass top for the limousine was born. It sprang from a casual remark by Philip to his equerry Michael Parker

**MANITOBA**

At Rivers the Princess stopped to chat with aged Mrs. Dinah Reekie.

**NOVA SCOTIA**

Premier Angus Macdonald entertains at tea in his home in Halifax.

Royal Tour, Elizabeth proved her Fitness for the Throne that awaited her

that it was too bad the car wasn't equipped with a "bubble," such as destroyers have, so the crowds could see better. The words were hardly out of his mouth before Major Mance Berry, the transport officer on the tour, leaped into one of the Cadillacs and drove straight to the de Havilland aircraft plant on the outskirts of Toronto. He told them what he wanted and de Havilland, using aircraft tubing and plastic and working without blueprints, threw its entire stockroom open, worked thirty-six hours without a break and did the job. The new top was dropped into Winnipeg in time for the royal couple's tour of the city and in the nick of time for the weather turned out badly. The idea delighted both of them who were, in the words of an army officer, "Like a couple of kids with a new toy." The fishbowl effect disturbed Elizabeth a little at first. "Michael, Michael—how do I look?" she called back to Parker, the equerry, over the intercom. Parker, an Australian, was quite equal to the occasion. "Like an orchid wrapped in Cellophane," he said, and the Princess relaxed.

Seventeen Policemen Were Waiting

The problem of being seen properly continued to occupy them. Philip felt that the security measures taken were often too strict and sometimes he didn't hesitate to say so. In Winnipeg, as the car rolled slowly down the broad streets and the police held the people back, he remarked to Elizabeth that he hoped the crowd would break through the police lines to get closer. To his delight this actually happened. In Calgary, during the miniature stampede held especially in their honor, he asked why there were so many empty seats about them. He was told this was a request of the security officers. Philip frowned. "There's no reason for that," he said. Another thing that bothered both of them was the noisy escort of RCMP motorcyclists who hovered around the limousine. The sound of twelve engines, all roaring in low gear, was maddening and neither Philip nor Elizabeth ever got used to it. In Vancouver Philip was invited to an informal naval party at HMCS Discovery. He planned to slip down on his own, perhaps driving himself, but to his disgust found an escort of no fewer than seventeen policemen on motorcycles awaiting him. It was here, according to one fairly knowledgeable source, that Philip decided to take matters into his own hands and, after the naval party, picked up his wife and drove her on his own over to Sentinel Hill, on the north shore of Burrard Inlet, to look at the lights of the city below them.

By this time the western papers were commenting that the Princess looked

very tired and that the tour was too grueling. She had seemed nervous at the civic banquet and Philip, noticing this, had leaned across the mayor and said quietly, "Come on, Betty, let's go home." She seemed more relaxed at church next day, where she sat not on the outside of the pew, as Princess, but on the inside, next to her husband, as his wife. The Dean of Christ Church Cathedral, the Very Rev. Cecil Swanson, gave her a presentation prayer book and as she left with it clasped in her hand she leaned toward Philip and said out of the corner of her mouth, "Looks like I'm pinching a book from the church, doesn't it?"

It poured solidly with rain all next day in Victoria and the couple were both obviously relieved to begin a three-day vacation on the island. When they finally arrived at Government House at the day's end Philip tossed his naval cap over the balcony, danced a little jig and cried, "Thank God *that's* over." The Lieutenant-Governor had planned a ball in their honor but this was canceled. They had dinner and went immediately to their rooms. The following afternoon they drove to Eaglecrest, the luxury resort on Vancouver Island that was reserved for them.

But if a royal tour is an exacting ordeal for the principal actors it is almost equally trying for the stagehands.

About the same time that the Duke of Edinburgh was tossing his hat in the air Capt. R. A. Pennington, deputy provincial secretary for British Columbia, a tall, spare, ex-naval man, was also registering his own brand of quiet relief. Pennington had been in charge of the province's part in the tour of the capital and it had been no easy task. Indeed, for the previous six weeks he had been working nightly until 2 a.m. on nothing but the details of half of one day of the royal tour.

The first problem was the weather. Pennington got out charts and tables and found the odds were overwhelmingly in favor of a bright day. Unfortunately, at the last moment the tour had to be postponed a week because of the King's operation. Out came the charts and tables again. This time it was six to four for rain and everything had to be changed. True to the weatherman's promise Victoria had one of the worst days in its history on the blue Monday that the royal couple toured the city.

Then there was the problem of what to serve at the provincial government luncheon. Pennington did some research into what Elizabeth liked to eat and discovered she was fond of lamb. Then he checked the Vancouver menu to see what the neighboring city was serving. Vancouver was serving chicken, so Pennington decided on lamb and green peas. But *Continued on page 50*



ONTARIO
At the Falls, Hon. Charles Daley escorts Elizabeth through spray.



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Elizabeth, who wears mink herself, visits a government mink farm.



QUEBEC
From her train at Dorval, a royal daughter phones home to parents.



NEWFOUNDLAND
Journey's end. A self-assured Queen-to-be says thanks for the trip.

MALENKOV:

The Machine-Man whom nobody knows



CARTOON BY GRASSICK

PARIS
A FEW WEEKS ago, in a drab fog-chilled apartment in a London suburb, I talked with a man who knew Malenkov. Although not much past fifty, he looked like an old man, as all exiles are old before their years. He was weatherbeaten and spiritless and downright afraid—even in London—so afraid he would not permit me to name the middle European country of which he had been a distinguished diplomat of ambassadorial rank only six years ago.

Malenkov had had a hand in reducing him as well as his country to a state of servitude. Therefore he spoke bitterly of the new Soviet leader—bitterly but with the ingrained reserve of a lifelong diplomat.

He said, "The day will come—it cannot be far off; perhaps a year, certainly not longer—when we will begin to look upon the Stalin years of the cold war as the gentle, the easy years. We will think how foolish we were to regard Stalin as an enigma or a silent monster or, as you journalists like to put it, the great question mark in the Kremlin. He wasn't, you know. He was clever and he was ruthless but he was a man, a human being. He had small personal failings—smoking, for instance, while he ate; and nepotism—and he had of course extraordinary strength of personality on the world scene and an absolutely inhuman belief in his own wisdom and in his destiny. But my point is, he was a man, even a mellow man considering his life and mission, a man that other men could study and judge and even anticipate. He was a known quantity—."

The ex-diplomat lit his pipe and a grimace came to his face. He played unhappily with his scrubby discolored mustache.

"But now we have Malenkov. I know him—that is to say, I have had dealings with him twice. In Moscow I had a long negotiation with him on a not very important level, and later, when he was already a prominent member of the Politburo, he came to my country and I was involved in the social activities that surrounded his visit.

"Do you know what is the most revealing thing about Malenkov? It is that nobody knows him. Here is a man who has been in the public eye in Moscow since 1922, a bright young man climbing steadily for thirty-one years to the pinnacle of success, and nothing is known about him. Now that he has reached the height, the publicity force of the Kremlin cannot find a personal anecdote, a small humanizing story of his youth, an unofficial photo—nothing!

"By comparison, Stalin was a warm human being. There are factual stories and legends about him.

WORLD PEACE NOW HINGES ON THE WHIMS OF THE MAN WHOM STALIN DECIDED WAS THE PERFECT COMMUNIST MACHINE. BUT, WAITING IN THE WINGS, STAND THE AMBITIOUS BOLSHEVIKS WATCHING FOR ONE SMALL MISCUE

We have seen pictures of him as a young married man fondling his children. We know he was a revolutionary, a bank robber, a hunted fugitive. We know he had many moods and many sides. We knew Stalin, and even when we were afraid of him, we were afraid of the known, which is not so terrible as being afraid of the unknown.

"I remember when I was preparing to go to Moscow to negotiate with Malenkov. In the diplomatic we are required to collect a dossier on our opposite number and to study his characteristics. There was nothing about Malenkov, nothing except the dates on which he acquired new and higher positions in the government. No anecdotes, no pictures, not even a jot on his domestic life. To our intelligence he was truly an enigma.

"I had been in his office in the Kremlin only a few minutes when a terrifying truth came to me: In his dealings with me, at least, Malenkov was as close to a mechanical brain as could be clothed in flesh and blood.

"He cut off the preliminary pleasantries at the precise point where rudeness had been passed but friendliness not attained. Then we proceeded to negotiate the economic matter for which I had been sent to Moscow. In this case, the word 'negotiate' is merely a figure of speech. He put the Soviet case succinctly—and I might add brilliantly—and in our next several sessions he never deviated from it. Indeed we discussed and argued, but at the end of each session he always came up with the same answer which was his original position. Like a mechanical brain when certain elements are fed into it, his result never deviated a fraction.

"This curious feeling I had about him—that I was dealing with a new species of machine-man—was confirmed when I saw him in my country under very different circumstances. We met at an afternoon reception and at a state dinner.

"He has, as you know, a round face, very fleshy but firm with a waxlike smoothness. It seldom moves except muscularly; that is, when he opens his mouth to speak or to eat. Only his eyes are alive with a certain furtiveness as if they are a feeding apparatus for the thinking machine deep, deep inside him. His smile is brief and completely mechanical like that of a bored monarch.

"And when he eats! It is difficult to describe; he is neither a gourmand nor a gourmet. Have you ever noticed a child when he comes into the kitchen famished after a day's play? He eats in a thoughtless voracious way because his body demands it—his body, not his palate or his brain. That is the impression I had of Malenkov at the banquet. He

pounced on his food and he ate rapidly and without reserve. He drank a great deal, I might add, without visible effect."

The ex-diplomat applied a few matches to his pipe and drew on it thoughtfully.

He finally said, "You want to know about Malenkov? Go to the men who are in a position to know him best; go ask them about his youth, his life, his habits, his family. They will tell you nothing because they know nothing. Then go back to your study and think this over a long time: Malenkov is the only world leader, perhaps in all history, about whom nothing is known except the bare dossier of his official life. When you have thought on this, and you have drawn from it all the philosophical conclusions which must emerge, then you will know all you need to know about Malenkov—."

He gave a short, embittered laugh. "And you will not like it, I assure you."

Where the Bread Is Buttered

The ex-diplomat was not altogether right. In subsequent journeys through the capitals of western Europe I found that a good deal is known about the life and habits of Georgi Maximilianovich Malenkov, the fifty-one-year-old leader of the Soviet empire. And on the basis of what is known, the chancelleries of Europe anticipate violent quakes on the diplomatic front within the next year; on the diplomatic front, not on the fighting front.

But nothing I found would upset the basic conclusion of the ex-diplomat in London—that Malenkov is the Soviet machine that walks like a man, the human being conditioned by Stalinism to control an empire of intrigue and terror with the tools of calculated risk, economic pressure and military power.

There is a definite psychological pattern that weaves through his entire career. In every crisis of his life—and there were many—his shrewd brain veered like a magnetic compass toward the more powerful, and this happened at times when opportunists of lesser calibre couldn't accurately judge which faction to support. It does him less than justice to say that he guessed right; in situations where power bobbed like a marble on a spinning roulette wheel, he calculated right every time. No considerations of personality or belief or intellectual integrity entered into his calculations. Only power.

The boy of eighteen who cast himself into the raging maelstrom of Soviet politics and piloted himself for thirty-three years to the top of the Kremlin possessed more than luck, more than shrewdness

and ability. He possessed a genius for power, to incline to it, to touch it, and to wield it with the ruthlessness and precision of a machine.

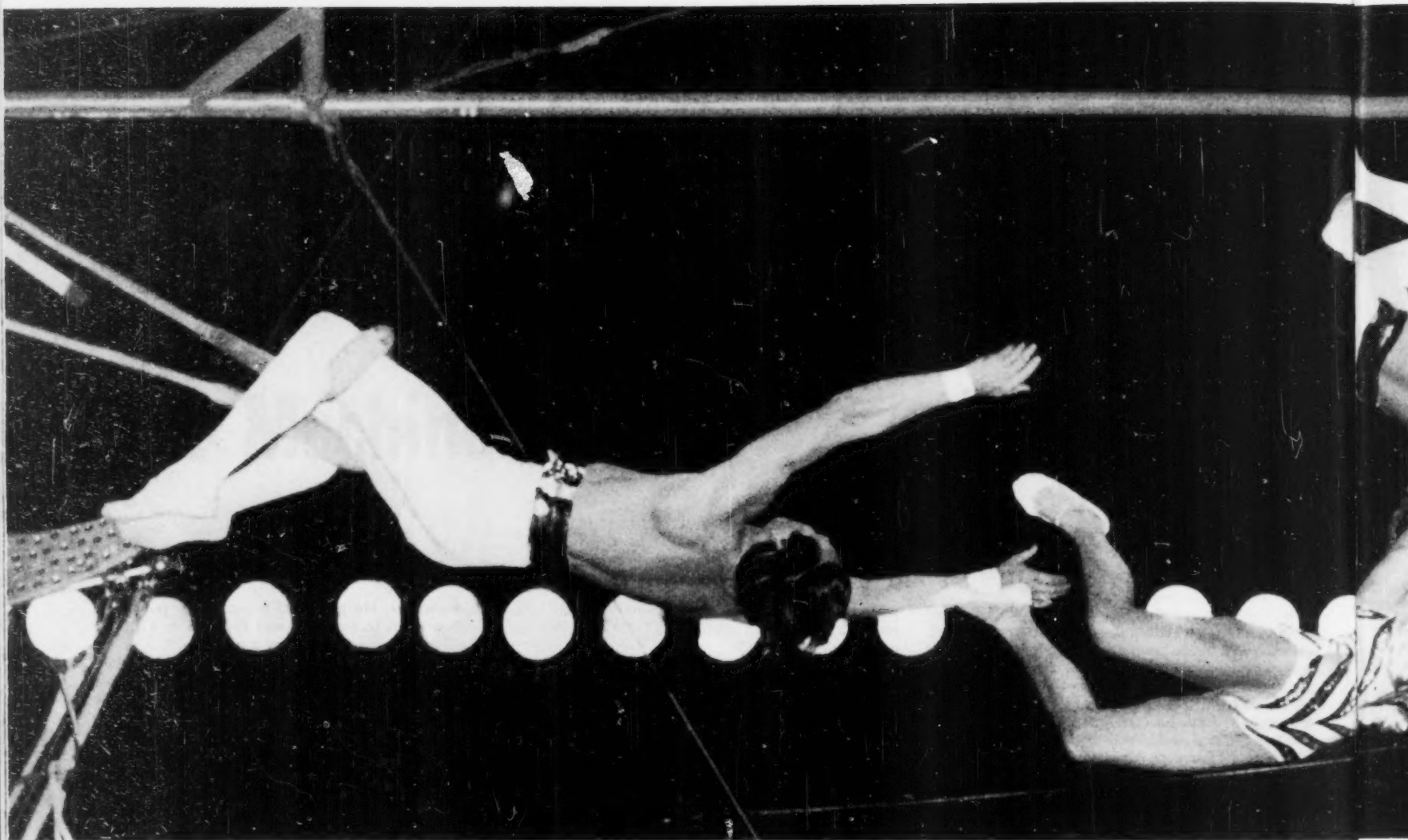
He was born on Jan. 8, 1902, to a middle-class family in the town of Orenburg, beyond the Urals in southeast Russia. In the czarist regime the middle class enjoyed a reasonably favored economic position, and there is no evidence to indicate other than that young Georgi Malenkov knew no suffering in his boyhood. Unlike Stalin who had been a proletarian thinker and revolutionary in his young teens, Malenkov's boyhood is completely without incident or legend. His family was the kind that would have fared comfortably before, during and immediately after the revolution.

At seventeen he calculated his first crisis and won. He joined the Red Army when it was still in danger of defeat, in 1919; but in 1920 its victory was reasonably assured and Malenkov was on his personal highroad. In this year he faced another decision: the proletarian military victory was assured but the seat of the nation's political power was still in grave doubt. Once more the sensitive antennae of his brain guided him aright. He joined the Communist Party and became a political commissar in the army. His new position gave him the touch and the taste of power and he lunged for it with immense verve and accuracy. In 1922—he was only twenty—he became chief political commissar of the Red Army in southeast Russia. In that year he was brought to Moscow.

In his first few months in Moscow he overcame, almost simultaneously, the two most critical hurdles of his life, and when he emerged triumphantly his colleagues recognized that he was a man to be reckoned with. More importantly, there is evidence that he realized at that moment his own immense urge and talent for power.

The first critical hurdle of 1922 was that of the direction of his career. He had been brought to Moscow's Higher Technical School to advance his army engineering career, but with his eye always on the fount of power, he managed to shoulder his way to the top position in the school's Communist Party unit. His decision to specialize in politics may have disappointed his engineering instructors (for he was a brilliant student) but by this time he had enough political power to have his own way.

The second hurdle came a few months later. Lenin was dying and the struggle for power between Stalin and Trotsky had already begun. In the Communist Party organism at the school the students generally supported Trotsky who was the more colorful and popular figure, *Continued on page 71*



At the peak of her fame, Concello and her partners performed the crowd-pleasing passing leap, the most spectacular of all aerial tricks.

THE GIRL ON THE FLYING T

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Stepping from the quiet of a
convent to the
blare of the big top
Antoinette Concello learned
how to fly without wings
and became the
greatest of them all

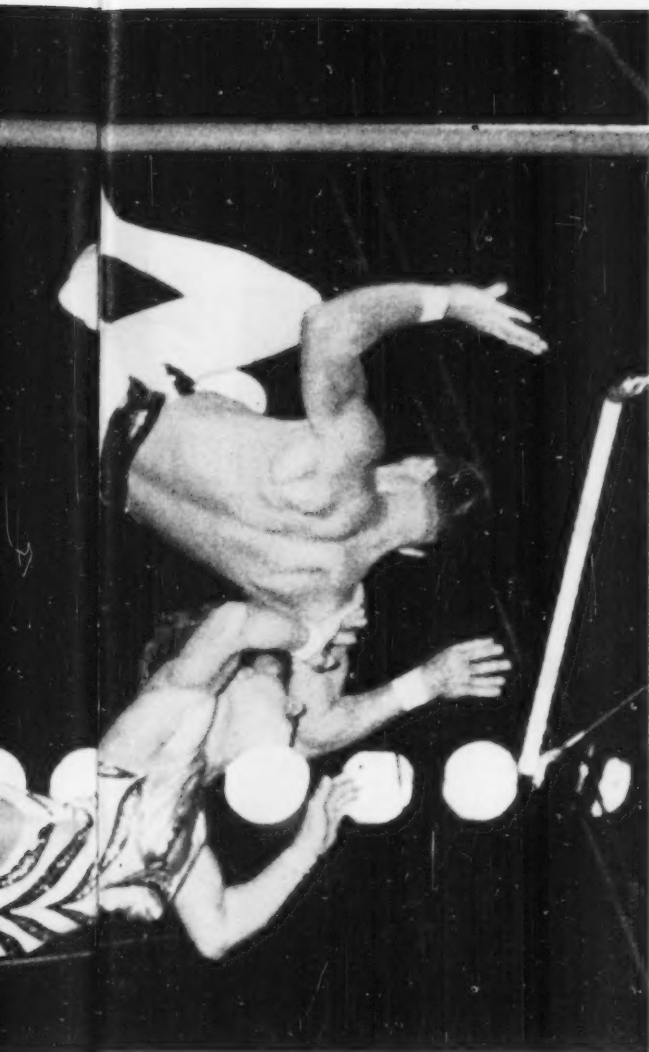
ANTOINETTE CONCELLO, the greatest woman flying-trapeze performer of all time, is a Canadian-born girl who stepped from the quiet routine of a convent into a tough gaudy world of dust, noise, brassy music, popcorn, roughnecks, squealing elephants, tents, trains and big-time competition, to climb to that bright spot of fame high up under the peak of the big top. Since an injury grounded her two years ago, she has been aerial director for Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows, where she trains other flyers and the girls of the Ringling Aerial Ballet. She also trained movie star Betty Hutton for her part in *The Greatest Show on Earth*, teaching her, in six weeks, three aerial tricks technically known as the "feet across," the "Angel," and the "bird's nest."

Antoinette Concello's famous triple somersault, the most dangerous of all flying tricks, has never been done by another woman. Only a handful of men have brought it out of the realm of a slightly suicidal fluke and under professional control. One was Antoinette's husband, Arthur Concello, another,

the great Alfredo Codona, who put himself out of business with a torn shoulder doing a triple in 1933 and, heartbroken at being grounded, killed himself four years afterward. The first time Antoinette did a triple in public was in 1937, at the Shriners' Circus in Detroit.

That night, as she had on hundreds of other performances in the United States, Canada and Europe, she mounted to the pedestal, the flyer's precarious perch in the trapeze rigging, an attractive dark-eyed young woman with a dramatic easy grace even in the way she climbed the wispy wooden-runged rope ladder. Arthur Concello, who followed her up, stood on the pedestal beside her. Twenty-five feet away, Eddie Ward Jr., the catcher, was swinging head down from his trapeze.

Antoinette and her husband went through their usual number of tricks, drawing waves of applause from a packed house. Then Antoinette looked down at the audience toward a man named Eddie Stinson, who was Potentate of the Shrine. Stinson looked up at her, held up three fingers and grinned. The signal meant "Do a triple" and was a mild joke



cks.

TRAPEZE

spun over three times with the speed of a bright flipped dime, and came out of it with beautiful precision into the hand-to-wrist grasp of the waiting catcher.

When, a few minutes later, Antoinette walked nimbly to centre ring to take her bows to an overwhelming ovation, she stepped to new heights of an already soaring career. She'd not only perfected a difficult and dangerous manoeuvre, but had performed it with the intangible quality of joyful effortless grace that distinguishes a great performer. In fact, it looked easy. It hadn't come easy.

Antoinette got her first good look at a trapeze while on a school-holiday visit with an older sister, Mickey. Antoinette was the youngest girl in a family of three boys and three girls. Her mother was of English descent, her father a Canadian railroadman named Comeau, who had moved his family from Sutton, Que., where Antoinette was born, to Vermont. Mickey, in an adventuresome moment, had joined the Sells-Floto Circus, where she did simple aerial tricks. She had married an animal trainer named Allen King. Antoinette had been sent to St. Mary's Convent, in Burlington, Vt. That summer she had won a scholarship to the College of New Rochelle, and, not having to try examinations, had left school early to catch the circus at Detroit, a fifteen-year-old girl on her first trip alone, feeling very scared.

In a glittering new world a long way from New Rochelle, Antoinette borrowed a pair of Mickey's red practice rompers and, between afternoon and evening shows, in the dim enchanted emptiness of the big top, began diligently practicing back-bends and handstands. The air vents far above made lonely flapping sounds. Music and the hoarse cries of front men came to her faintly from the midway as she performed before her first audience—the men cleaning up the peanut shells and popcorn boxes. Without knowing it, she had tidied up her school desk for the last time.

The next day her sister's boss, Eddie Ward Sr., who trained aerial acts and contracted them to the circus, asked her if she wanted to take the place of one of his girls, who had left to marry a band man. Thoughts of New Rochelle had already just about vanished as the sights and sounds of the circus reached through to something deep in Antoinette's make-up. She got permission from her sister to stay. That night she slept in her first circus train, in a berth above Mayme Ward and Mayme's husband Eddie.

Flyers go aloft gradually, over a period of months or years, while they take simple parts in the aerial acts. Antoinette began to earn her salary of thirty dollars a week, meals and board thrown in, by hanging picturesquely by arms, knees and teeth from swinging ladders and posing on webs, thick cotton ropes pulled through a tubular cloth casing.

that passed between Antoinette and her friend Stinson every time they met. For Stinson, it was purely a bit of kidding. This time Antoinette smiled down at him and held up three fingers herself.

Stinson stopped the band. He knew his flying and he knew the great danger of the triple—that it has to be done with such force, and uses up so much time, that, if the trick misses, the flyer rockets into the high end of the safety net with hardly any time to get set for the crash.

Stinson announced to the audience that Antoinette Concello was going to attempt a trick that had never been done successfully before by a woman. Antoinette dusted her hands on a resin bag, caught the trapeze, a three-quarter-inch steel bar wound with white muslin over electric tape that hangs from a steel frame by thin cables, and swung off the pedestal. She whipped up a tremendous swing that took her up over the steel frame and tightened earth-bound stomachs in the hushed audience. She gave a powerful drive, called a "beat," with extended close-pressed legs. At a "Go!" from her husband she took off, clasped her knees in a "tuck,"

She developed an indifference to height that to this day leaves her a bit puzzled when she finds someone who freezes at anything over veranda level. Three years ago on New Year's Eve, when the Eveready Flashlight Company brought her by plane from Sarasota, Fla., to open their display in Times Square, she sat prettily on a trapeze bar the thickness of a thin broom handle, seven stories above the concrete, waiting to push an electric button on the dot of twelve. The only tough part of the job, from Antoinette's point of view, was sitting patiently in a flimsy costume during a snowstorm.

She got her first crack at a trapeze at winter headquarters in Bloomington, Ill. Eddie Ward had noticed that she not only had an unswerving desire to fly, but, more important, had the build and knack for it. Some of the most enthusiastic girls never make the grade because of some trick of nature that makes them, when descending through space, look as if, instead of flying, they are falling out of bed. Heavy people appear clumsy. The human body when separated from the earth, appears larger than it is. Hippy girls look like balloons when turning somersaults, although big-bosomed girls are under no particular handicap.

The Net Is No Feather Bed

Antoinette's initial elation was dampened when she was told that first there was a little matter of learning to catch other flyers. She found herself rigged up in a device called a cradle, which prevents a novice getting yanked from the trapeze like a green apple, timing her swing to an empty trapeze bar. In the meantime she had met another Ward pupil, a broad-shouldered young man named Arthur Concello, who, along with a genius for flying that many experts rated above that of Codona, had a flair for business that eventually made him general manager of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey, the position he holds today. Between afternoon and evening shows he and a calliope-voiced catcher named Toughie Genders began to teach her flying in earnest.

Antoinette learned to fall into the net. Most spectators think of the net as a cushion that would be very easy to fall into, and a lot of fun. Falling into a net the wrong way is about as funny as a Sunday-afternoon traffic accident. A fall on the forehead usually results in a broken neck. Even dropping to the net carelessly from a motionless trapeze can be dangerous. Once, after Antoinette had been a trapeze performer for many years, she waited until three in the morning to get a chance to rehearse her act for the opening show at Madison Square Garden, went through a whole repertoire of the most difficult tricks in *Continued on page 66*



Left: Antoinette, only woman ever to do a triple somersault aloft, holds rope while pupil Carmen Slayton works on arabesques. Above: She watches closely as son Randy practices at electric organ.



Every girl is beautiful in the new spring,
but Steve had to learn that in
the utter darkness all things were beautiful.
Then he knew how to

TAKE CARE OF UNCLE HARRY

By ROBERT ZACKS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM BOOK

STEVE KNEW, as he watched Uncle Harry's fumbling steps, that the difficult time had come again. He knew it because there was a rising irritation in him, a bitterness that wanted to escape in a shout, or a nasty word. He clenched his teeth on it, keeping it buried in silence, but it bubbled and seared inside. *Funny*, he thought with the cold, logical part of his mind that seemed to take over at such moments, *funny how one part of me doesn't care at all what my thinking mind understands!*

It was true, as it always had been. Emotion coiled in him serpentlike ready to strike out in frustration as Uncle Harry turned his blind face aside so his ears could hear. Head cocked, Uncle Harry shuffled again toward the newsstand.

I'll get you the paper damn it! Steve wanted to shout. But Uncle Harry wanted to get the paper himself.

The news dealer watched from his window cubicle, solemn-faced. Uncle Harry's cane tapped the newsstand. Uncle Harry's thin face smiled. He reached out and took the tabloid, feeling its size, then dropped a dime on the stand. It rolled and tinkled on the ground.

"I'll get it," said Steve in a monotone.

"Thanks, Steve," said Harry softly. Steve stopped his bending motion, struck by the look on Harry's face, the look of sudden sorrow. *He knows, thought Steve wryly. Amazing, how he always knows.*

Steve picked up the dime, got a nickel change from the news dealer and led Uncle Harry away.

"Maybe I'd better stay with Paul for a day or so," said Uncle Harry, as they crossed the corner with the light. There was little expression in Uncle Harry's voice but Steve wanted to agree with joy, and a sense of vast freedom swept him as he felt relieved of a

seemingly unbearable burden. It wasn't easy having a blind man around the house to care for, to worry about . . .

There I go again, thought Steve coldly.

It was weird, the two parts of him battling, the primitive emotional and the civilized logical. He was two people. It was like this about three times a year, a cycle of frustration that subtly drew force from endless petty selfishnesses Steve saw all through the year, and built up and up . . .

It had his tongue now. It seized Steve's tongue and he said between gritted teeth, "Maybe you're right, Uncle Harry. Paul hasn't seen you in some time. He'd be glad."

Uncle Harry's face was a mask of gentleness. It made Steve just sick. Uncle Harry said, "You call him, Steve. Tell him I'm coming. Put me in a cab."

Strange how the cycle of Steve's feelings worked. Strange how it built up slowly so Steve could finally agree grimly to such a remark from Uncle Harry and not care that it showed in his voice he wanted to get out from under the endlessness of this guardianship.

"I will," he snapped, injury in his voice. "Wait right here."

He left Uncle Harry standing stiffly against a store front and went into a drugstore telephone booth. He dialed Paul's number. *My brother*, he thought savagely as the ringing started. *My dear brother. Why should I be stuck all the time?* And the cold, logical part of his mind said swiftly, *What's the matter with you? You know Paul has a sickly wife and four children. What's happening to you, Steve?*

Two people in Steve's head. Two Steves. Steve swallowed, and sweat came out on his forehead as they battled in his heart and skull.

"Hello?" said Paul's tired voice in his ear.

"It's Steve," said Steve, his voice

Continued on page 30



Panic stole into Steve's heart. Sleep or no sleep — he was immersed in one utter and eternal darkness.



The sleepy Canadian Stratford will buzz this July with crowds of theatre lovers from all over.

SHAKESPEARE GETS A NEW HOME TOWN

By ALAN PHILLIPS

With one bold stroke that has left our big cities gasping, Stratford, Ont., famous mainly for producing Howie Morenz, will this summer claim its birthright with a Shakespearean festival starring Alec Guinness on the banks of the Avon



Even though the Indians lost out in Allan Cup final, worshipping fans threw big welcome-home.

THE NINETEEN thousand residents of Stratford in southern Ontario have for years taken a somewhat cavalier attitude toward tourists. Stratford is on a main tourist route from eastern Canada to Lake Huron. It has a park system unique in North America. But until last year not even a sign pointed this up. If the tourists wanted to stop, fine. If they didn't, okay. It just wouldn't be in character for the people of Stratford to coax strangers to stop and spend their money.

The tourists have repaid Stratford in kind. They have roared past the east-end cluster of factories, glided down an avenue of tree-shaded homes, slowed down for a wide drab main street, swung sharply right at the medieval-looking courthouse, swooped across an old stone bridge, and left Stratford behind without really seeing it.

This July, things are going to be different. Stratford and a large chunk of Canada's tourist trade are finally going to meet face to face. The gentleman who will bring them together is Shakespeare.

From all over North America, theatre-goers by the thousand are expected to descend on this slightly Victorian community. Throwing reserve to the winds, Stratford's cautious citizenry have embarked on the biggest dramatic gamble of the year. On the grassy banks of the slow-flowing Avon River, in a tent designed to seat fifteen hundred people, they hope to stage the finest Shakespearean drama in the world.

They have baited their one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar theatrical mousetrap with three of the brightest names on the British stage: actor Alec Guinness (*The Man in the White Suit*), producer Tyrone Guthrie, of Old Vic fame, and brilliant set designer Tanya Moiseiwitsch. Top Canadian talent selected by Guthrie will fill out the cast. The plays, performed on alternate nights, will be *Richard III* and *All's Well That Ends Well*, chosen to show off Guinness' talents.

When the news was announced last fall that Guinness had turned down a Hollywood contract to come to Stratford, a New York ticket broker immediately offered to buy up all the seats for a week. TCA talked of running flights direct from New York to Crumlin, the nearest airport. Stratford hotel owner Wes Litt says: "We've had people asking for reservations from all over. Had one woman ask me for a reservation for her sister and husband in England. Of course, she was a stranger

On a shoestring budget these four devoted people will transplant the Bard to the new Avon



TOM PATTERSON, festival manager, dreamed it all up.



TYRONE GUTHRIE, of Old Vic fame, will be producer.



TANYA MOISEWITSCH will direct designing of sets.



ALEC GUINNESS will play in *All's Well* and *Richard III*.

to me, and I wasn't going to take any reservation from a stranger who didn't even know when she wanted it for, but it shows you."

Theatrical circles across Canada have commented excitedly. "You small-town people!" exclaimed Rupert Caplan, a veteran Montreal drama producer, talking to Stratford's festival manager, Tom Patterson: "We know better than to try to pull off a thing like this in Montreal. But you—you don't know the pitfalls, so you go right ahead."

With only an occasional twinge of envy, the nation's press has praised Stratford's initiative. Privately, newspapermen were puzzled. How had this small, slow-moving, practical-minded community managed to lure these busy, sought-after, world-famous figures to Canada? As Stan Helleur pointed out in the Toronto Telegram: Stratford-on-Avon, England, might be synonymous with Shakespeare, but Stratford, Ontario, is synonymous with hockey.

Boards, in Stratford, England, are what stage actors tread. In Stratford, Ontario, boards are what hockey players bounce off. And a long list of names familiar to fans across the continent learned their hockey bouncing off the boards of the Stratford rink: Bob Armstrong, Joe Klukay, Ray Getliffe, Al Murray, Joffre Desilets, and going back farther: Dolly Dolson, Harold Hicks, George Hay, Toots Holway, Wally Hearn, and Howie Morenz, the incomparable "Stratford Streak."

When the Stratford Indians (Senior OHA) play their weekly home-ice games, professional men refuse appointments, music teachers cancel classes and shops shut up early. By face-off, the big rink

is jammed and if Stratford doesn't win, the children at Shakespeare Public School—where team captain Mickey Roth is assistant principal—refuse to do their homework.

Stratford babies, they say, cut their teeth on hockey pucks. There are so many juvenile teams in the city that every Saturday they have to divide the rink in two and play cross-wise. In a league studded with ex-big league pros, all but two of the Indians' 15-man squad have come up through junior ranks.

When the Indians came back from last year's Allan Cup finals after losing out to Fort Frances they were welcomed home by every band in town—the CNR, Perth Regiment, Boy's Bugle and Salvation Army. Only the King and Queen in 1939 had a bigger turnout. "If you don't like hockey,

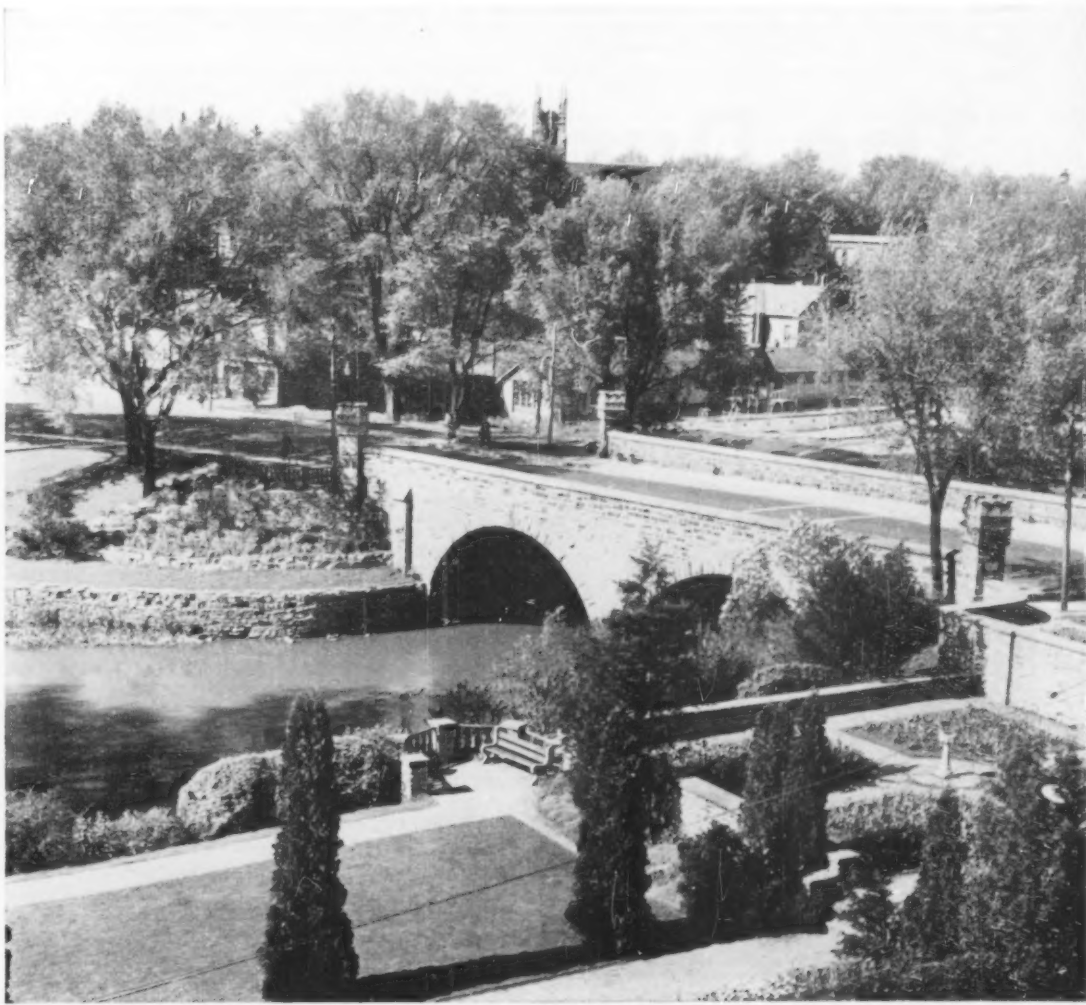
don't mention it in this town," warns the amiable police chief, Alf Day.

Nevertheless, the Stratford Beacon-Herald, in its editorials on the Shakespearean festival, refers to Stratford as "a centre of culture." In its pages a frequent substitution for "Stratford" is "the Classic City." And, of course, dedication to hockey doesn't exclude an interest in culture. Except that this interest—on the surface—is hard to find.

Stratford has won a measure of fame for its lawyers (three are on the Supreme Court of Ontario), its harness horses (hotel owner Litt's Ann Elgin holds the three-year-old record for trotters), its fluorine-rich drinking water (Stratford's statistics on tooth decay are lower than any city in Canada), its snowfalls (Stratford railroaders derisively call nearby London "the banana"). *Continued on page 32*



Show tent will be pitched beside scenic Avon.



Stone bridge spans river in centre of Stratford. A plebiscite stopped a railroad marring scene.



Just fresh from incubators at Knowlton, Que., a Brome Lake duckling begins its short pampered life. Nine weeks later, at the peak of its condition, manager Stephen Morson bids it a fond farewell.



The Duck They Drool About

Gourmets, and people who just like to eat, are clamoring for Brome Lake duck, a mouth-watering "native" dish that came to Quebec via China and Long Island, N.Y.

By DOUGLAS DACRE



Morson shows a trophy to his children. Weasels, eagles, owls, coons, skunks try to grab ducks.

SINCE 1945 the tawny flesh of Brome Lake duck has titillated the palates of gourmets from all over the world and challenged the Winnipeg goldeye as Canada's most delectable native dish. Its plump breast, juicy legs, crisp wings and the crackling sapidity of its skin have promoted it in the esteem of gastronomes to the rank of caviar, *foie gras*, *bouillabaisse*, oysters, lobsters, *filet mignon*, artichokes, truffles and *crêpes suzette*.

Lucien Barraud, head chef of Montreal's Mount Royal Hotel, said recently: "There is no duck in the world today to compare with Brome Lake in flavor, tenderness and uniform year-round quality."

Ironically, this Canadian delicacy originated in China. An odd duck, which never takes to water, it gained international demand almost overnight without benefit of advertising, but still makes little money for its producers. Although its name is billed prominently on menus across Canada, lesser ducks are often foisted on the public as the Brome Lake breed. And it was started on the road to renown largely because the residents of a resort didn't want a factory cluttering up their beach.

About a hundred and thirty thousand ducks are hatched every year by the shores of Brome Lake, fifteen miles north of the Vermont border, in the humpy pinelands of southern Quebec. As day-old ducklings, a third of them are transferred for rearing to a second duck farm at Stouffville, thirty miles north of Toronto.

The two farms are owned by Brome Lake Ducks Ltd., which is controlled by two wealthy Montrealers, Earle Spafford, retired president of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, and G. B. Foster, an eminent lawyer.

When they bought the duck company out of bankruptcy in 1939 and became president and vice-president, Spafford and Foster looked on its operation as a hobby. It was their manager, Stephen Morson, a bulky, tweedy, pipe-sucking Englishman of forty, who popularized Brome Lake ducks.

Most of the ducks are distributed to the more expensive hotels and restaurants throughout Canada, to TCA and BOAC aircraft, to CPR, CNR, CSL and Cunard passenger vessels, and to railroad companies on both sides of the border. Only a few are left for retail sale through Montreal firms like

Dionne's, Steinberg's, Gathouse's and other first-class grocers and poulterers.

The ducks are purebred descendants of the Imperial Pekin, which the Chinese were eating centuries before the birth of Christ. The great mandarins ate only the skin, classing it with birds'-nest soup and nightingales' tongues, and contemptuously left the flesh to their servants.

More than two thousand years ago these birds had lost the power of flight or the urge to swim. They developed a capacity for putting on flesh more quickly than any other edible creature. Even today, after centuries of intensive cultivation, the average farmyard chicken is only half the weight of an Imperial Pekin when both sprout their first adult feathers. If a steer could be made to grow as fast as an Imperial Pekin a ton of beef would be produced in nine weeks.

For dynasty upon dynasty the Chinese dined upon the Imperial Pekin. Chinese who emigrated to America found the local ducks so inferior that they built up a huge import traffic of Imperial Pekins from China. The ducks were shipped to them boned, pressed flat and dried, and these curious pancakes of poultry may still be seen hanging in the grocer's of any occidental city's Chinatown.

Meanwhile the people of North America were raising Aylesbury, Khaki Campbell and Indian Runner ducks, descendants of European flocks brought out by early settlers. If properly bred, fed and killed at the crucial time such ducks make good eating. The Aylesbury, for example, is still the most highly relished table bird in England.

But most of them are raised casually, often for sentimental reasons. Farmers are inclined to keep a few ducks because their fathers did it before them. Many ducks so reared are multiple hybrids. The mixed domestic strains have been further crossed with wild mallards and teals, which occasionally consort with tame ducks for the sake of easy farmyard food, and abandon their rugged migratory life for the comforts of the barn. Such mongrels pick up worms from puddled farmyards and plant life from stagnant ponds.

Because a few people prefer duck eggs for eating, and especially for cooking, there has always been a small income from them. But when these birds are finally killed, after two, three or four years, they are no treat. Probably they inspired those lines of the late Ernest Vincent Wright:

Then all of us prepare to rise
And hold our bibs before our eyes
And be prepared for some surprise
When father carves the duck.

Small wonder then that widespread indifference and even antipathy to domestic duck flesh has prevailed on this continent. It is estimated that twelve chickens and four turkeys are still killed in North America for every duck. Jewish and Central European peoples, traditional duck eaters, have always had difficulty getting good table birds in the West. For generations they have patronized obscure dealers whose "in" with farmers amounts almost to a cabal and whose feather-strewn back-street stores are a big-city curiosity.

It was not until eighty years ago that the prospects of getting good duck flesh began to look up in North America.

In 1873 a man called McGrath, a New Yorker and an employee of merchants in the China trade, spotted a flock of white ducks near Pekin. He mistook them for small geese. They had an erect carriage, a raucous voice, and a baleful eye and they reminded him of a "droll, warmhearted and slightly drunken ne'er-do-well."

When McGrath heard that this duck was the base of many delicious Chinese dishes he bought a clutch of eggs and set a broody hen upon them. After they hatched he persuaded a friend, James E. Palmer, to take them back to the States. Palmer was to give half of them to McGrath's family and keep the rest himself.

Nine ducks survived the trip. Palmer gave five to McGrath's family who promptly ate them. The more prudent Palmer kept his four birds and imported six more females and four drakes the following year.



Ducks move from pen to pen as they grow. Houses have soft lights; grain and water are laid on.



About four hundred ducks go out each day from the Brome Lake freezer. Retail price: about \$4.

News of the ambrosial flavor of Palmer's ducks spread like feathers in a breeze. Somebody else in California imported a further four ducks and borrowed one of Palmer's drakes. Within five years many others were breeding Imperial Pekins, the majority of them on Long Island.

By 1912 the Imperial Pekin, or Long Island duck as it was now called, had New Yorkers smacking their lips. The creeks and inlets of the island were so white with ducks that it almost looked as though they were frozen over. And here it must be noted that the Imperial Pekin had taken to the water—a most significant point.

In 1912 an American, the late Henry Bates, a jovial, optimistic farmer, thought it would be duck soup if he moved into Canada, bred Imperial Pekins on Brome Lake and tried to duplicate in the Montreal market what the Long Islanders had done in New York.

He let his ducks swim on the lake. And he failed.

In 1917 it looked as though his duck farm on a strand of dry sandy land by the fashionable resort of Knowlton was going to fall into the hands of a man who wanted to build a knitting mill. This

threw the affluent Montrealers who owned summer homes by the lake into a panic.

The late Senator G. G. Foster, father of the present vice-president of Brome Lake Ducks Ltd., enlisted the help of summer neighbors—his son today calls them "suckers"—and bought up the duck farm to thwart the knitting mill.

The ducks went on swimming and the business went on foundering.

During the Twenties and Thirties a group of Montreal poulterers ran the farm but they were hardly ever out of the red.

In 1934 Stephen Morson, son of an English vicar, graduated from Macdonald College, the agricultural school at McGill University. The depression was on and the only job he could get was as a hired hand at the Brome Lake Duck Farm.

Morson had read a lot about the Imperial Pekin and he saw many reasons for the company's shaky finances. But as a hired hand he couldn't say much. By 1939 the farm foundered into bankruptcy.

Once more the shadow of the knitting mill darkened the dappled waters of Brome Lake. Spafford and Foster bought the

Continued on page 58



The Andrews Sisters (Patti, Laverne, Maxene) get personal service from Mount Royal Hotel chef Lucien Barraud when they order his special duckling. The Girls were playing a Montreal date.

THE HUMAN CIRCUS



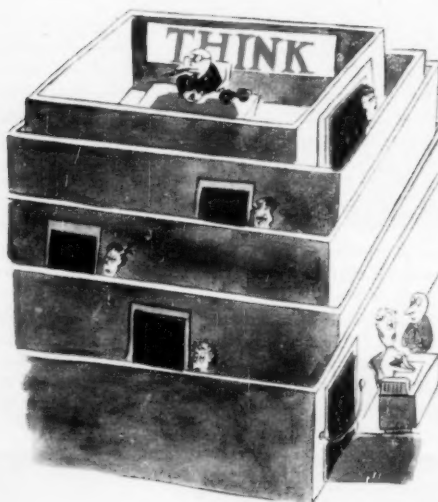
The Women



Soap Opera Fanatics



Eligible Bachelor



The Executive



Self-Made Man



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The Politician

OBSERVATIONS
BY
PETER
WHALLEY

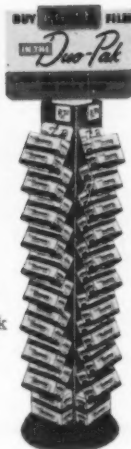
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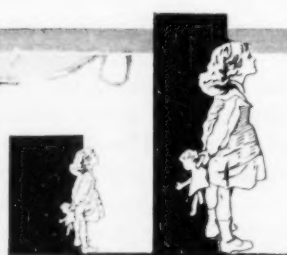
Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

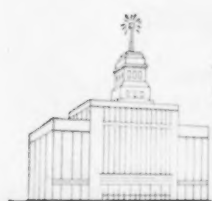


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During 1952, 44,182 new policies were written by Canada Life—an increase of 144% over 1942.



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Macleans' Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BATTLE CIRCUS: This Korean war yarn wavers curiously in style between frivolous romance (medical officer Humphrey Bogart and starry-eyed nurse June Allyson) and serious, realistic documentary. It's fair entertainment on the whole, and the shots of surgical units in action are quite gripping.

BLACKBEARD, THE PIRATE: Fiery-eyed, bull-voiced Robert Newton overacts to his heart's content in this raucous buccaneer meller-drammer. The kiddies seem to enjoy it, anyway, and from time to time the delectable Linda Darnell undulates into view to make things interesting for their dads and uncles.

CALL ME MADAM: Broadway's Ethel Merman and some of Irving Berlin's most bright and brassy songs are reunited in a delightful musical version of the popular stage musical. It's the one about the ebullient Washington hostess who becomes ambassador to a genteel but stony-broke European grand duchy. Donald O'Connor, Vera-Allen and George Sanders — the latter in fine voice as a bass troubadour — are prominent in the good cast.

HOME AT SEVEN: Sir Ralph Richardson, an excellent actor, directs himself — with only partly satisfactory results — in a civilized but sluggish suspense story about a man who fears that he committed murder and robbery during a lapse of memory.

OFF LIMITS: The brash and wolfish Bob Hope and an agreeably subdued Mickey Rooney are well-matched partners in this funny army-camp farce. Even funnier, by my reckoning, is granite-faced Eddie Mayehoff as a paragon of military policemen.

SHE'S BACK ON BROADWAY: An embarrassingly hackneyed script is a fatal weakness in a musical about a faded movie queen (Virginia Mayo) and her efforts to make a comeback on the stage.

TAXI: A pleasant comedy, if a mite sticky in spots, about a growling New York taxi driver (Dan Dailey) and a trustful colleen (Constance Smith) who has just come from the Ould Sod in search of her no-good husband.

TREASURE OF THE GOLDEN CONDOR: Cornel Wilde exposes his photogenic chest in a Monte Cristo-type adventure. Rating: fair.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS: The most plausible, spectacular and exciting science-fiction thriller in the history of the screen. It's based on a modernized version of the H. G. Wells novel about an invasion from Mars — the one with which Orson Welles terrified the radio audience in 1938. Terrific!



Call Me Madam Merman in still-smash musical.

Rooney and Hope team in Off Limits, army-life farce.

Gene Barry, Ann Robinson in Martian mixup.

Gilmour Rates

Above and Beyond: Drama. Good.
Androcles and the Lion: Bernard Shaw comedy. Fair.
April in Paris: Musical. Good.
The Bad and the Beautiful: Movieland comedy-drama. Good.
Bear Country: Nature short. Excellent.
Breaking the Sound Barrier: Jet-pilot aviation thriller. Excellent.
Come Back, Little Sheba: Marriage drama. Excellent.
Gentle Gunman: Irish drama. Fair.
Girls in the Night: Drama. Fair.
Gunsmoke: Western. Fair.
Hans Christian Andersen: Danny Kaye in fairy-tale musical. Good.
High Noon: Western drama. Tops.
Hour of 13: Crook drama. Good.
The I Don't Care Girl: Musical. Poor.
Iron Mistress: Adventure. Fair.
The Jazz Singer: Musical. Fair.

The Lawless Breed: Western. Good.
Meet Me at the Fair: Musical. Fair.
Mississippi Gambler: Drama. Fair.
My Cousin Rachel: Drama. Good.
The Naked Spur: Western. Good.
Never Wave at a WAC: Comedy. Fair.
Niagara: Sexy melodrama. Good.
Park Row: Press drama. Fair.
Peter Pan: Disney cartoon. Excellent.
Prisoner of Zenda: Adventure. Excellent.
Redhead From Wyoming: Western. Fair.
Ruby Gentry: Sexy melodrama. Fair.
The Stooge: Martin & Lewis. Fair.
Stop, You're Killing Me: Comedy. Fair.
Thief of Venice: Drama. Fair.
Thunder in the East: Drama. Poor.
Tonight We Sing: Musical. Good.
Top Secret: British spy farce. Good.
Washington Story: Comedy. Fair.
Without Warning: Suspense. Fair.



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crestline convertible

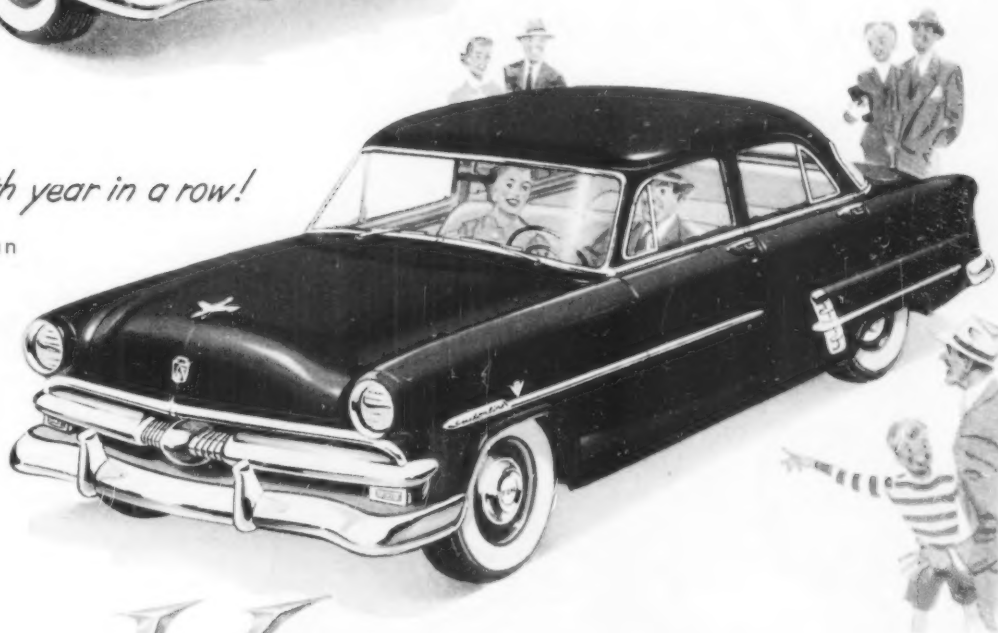
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Take Care of Uncle Harry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

suddenly iron hard. "I . . . I need a rest, Paul. I . . . I'm going away for a while."

There was a moment of silence.

"Sure, kid," said Paul heavily. "Sure. Why don't you bring Harry over?"

Vast relief, freedom. They surged like breaking waves foaming in Steve's brain, washing away guilt. He'd done enough. He'd carried Uncle Harry for three years now, since he'd gone blind. Let somebody else take over now. Quick little pictures of the unloading flashed through Steve's mind in cruel sequence; leave Uncle Harry at Paul's for a few days, ostensibly, then let it drag, with excuses. A week, then a month, next thing you knew . . .

Steve nearly ran from the drugstore. He was breathing heavily. "Come on, Uncle Harry," he muttered. Uncle Harry nodded, the wistful smile still on his mouth, the smile that maddened Steve.

"Yes, Steve," he said. "I'll pack my pyjamas, eh?"

"Paul will lend you a pair of his," said Steve. He waved.

A cab slid up to the curb, the driver opening the door with a backward movement. "Where to, buddy?"

"Two hundred Northcliff Boulevard," said Steve. "Don't go away till somebody comes out of the house."

The cabdriver flicked a look at Uncle Harry. "Oh!" he said. He nodded, took the five-dollar bill Steve gave him. Then Steve turned to Uncle Harry. A wave of pain and anxiety swept Steve. And, within his rebellion, a small cold voice rose in volume and took over his speech from the other Steve.

"It's only for one day, Uncle Harry," said Steve in a low voice.

Immediately, as Uncle Harry nodded in wistful relief, Steve cursed silently at himself. But this part of him now had control and the primitive withdrew just a little, not much, but enough to let Steve know he must do what he'd done again and again at such times, that he must follow what his civilized self had shrewdly directed he do at such moments.

"Good-by, Steve," said Uncle Harry. Steve helped him feel his way into the cab.

"Just for one day, Uncle Harry," said Steve in a stronger voice.

"Good-by," said Uncle Harry smiling.

The cab rolled away. Steve stared after it. *Now I've got to do it again, he thought wearily.*

He didn't have to do this, but he made himself. He went home and took from his bureau drawer the special eye mask he'd made up three years before. It shut off all light, as Steve swiftly put it over his eyes. There was no hesitation, no considering of the action, just an immediate, ruthless shutting off of all light from Steve's eyes. Just as there had been with Uncle Harry three years before, when he'd suddenly gone blind after a blow on the back of his skull injured the optic nerve.

Twenty-four hours like this, Steve thought, peering into the darkness. He stood there for a moment, uncertain. Then he remembered he was hungry and started to feel his way toward the refrigerator. Something caught his foot and Steve wildly flailed his arms as he tripped. Feeling blindly, his hand landed on a chair that had been moved from its accustomed place.

Steve tried to make supper. He broke

a dish, cut himself by picking a knife up by the blade. He tried to feel his way to the medicine chest for iodine and gave up when three vials were pushed by his feeling fingers, smashing in the sink beneath. Then, of course, the broken glass mess had to be cleaned up.

The first hour was bad. Only twenty-three hours more, thought Steve, resisting an impulse to tear off the masking cloth from his eyes.

The darkness began to close in. It got thicker, had substance. A terrible restlessness grew in Steve, as it always did. If it were just a matter of twenty-four hours it would be bad enough, but bearable. It was the thought of Uncle Harry and a forever darkness that began to close in on Steve's mind by the fourth hour.

I'll sleep, he thought. But, as usual, sleep wouldn't come. There was no difference between sleep and no sleep, it was all one darkness, eternal, never ending. Lying there, panic stole into Steve's heart. Suddenly he had to see, he had to, and his hands moved to his eyes . . .

No! He pulled his hands down. He

Memo on Maytime

Our children
Love to fill
Their arms with golden daffodil,
Fairest fruit
Of nature's labors —
And our neighbor's.

LESLIE MELLICHAMP

found his fists were clenching. He groaned, got up and started through the door. The sharp edge of the bureau drawer bruised his arm. He had misjudged distance and direction again.

And by the seventh hour Steve was close to frenzy in his fight not to take off the eye covering before the twenty-four hours were up. *My God!* he thought as he held his hands clasped together quivering, *what if I actually went blind someday . . . how does Uncle Harry stand it . . . how does he stand it . . . ?*

STEVE stood at the curb waiting for the cab. His eyes were bright and rested and clear. A girl walked by. Steve looked at her. He'd never seen anything more beautiful, yet he knew she was just average. She smiled at him in surprise. Steve looked up at the blue sky. A flock of pigeons soared and swooped in formation. A fluffy white cloud slept against the sky, curled up. "Beautiful," whispered Steve. "Beautiful."

A cab swung around the corner and rolled to a stop before Steve. Uncle Harry was helped out by the driver. "Steve?" he said softly, his face anxious. "Steve? Are you there?"

Steve put a strong hand in Harry's reaching one. "I'm here."

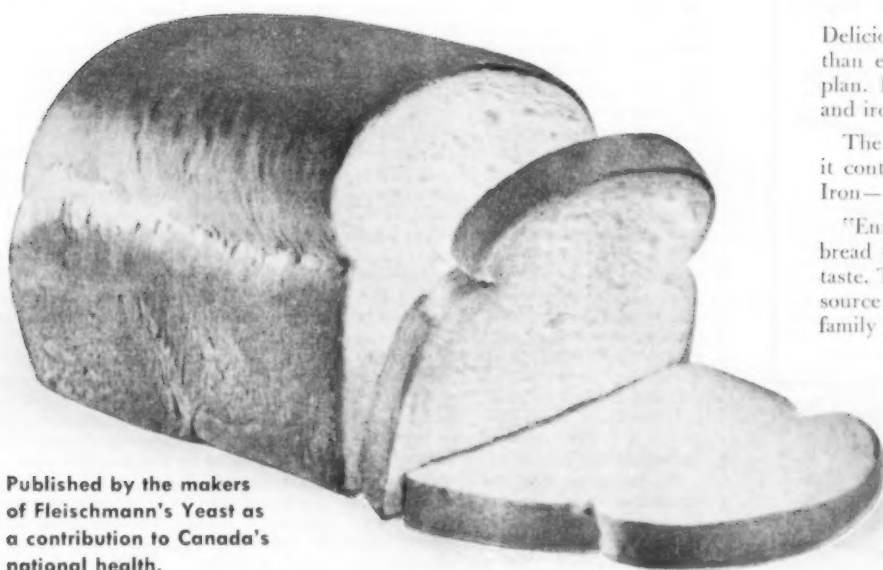
Uncle Harry smiled radiantly. "Good to hear you again," he said. "I had a grand time at Paul's house. Poor guy, he's got a lot of headaches all right."

Steve shook his head in humble wonder. There was admiration in his eyes and respect. Never had he heard Uncle Harry whine. It was so hard to remember, all the time, that Uncle Harry was in a world of darkness. *You have to try it yourself some time, thought Steve.*

Uncle Harry nodded thoughtfully, now. "We ought to help him, Steve," said Uncle Harry. "I think that guy needs a lift." ★



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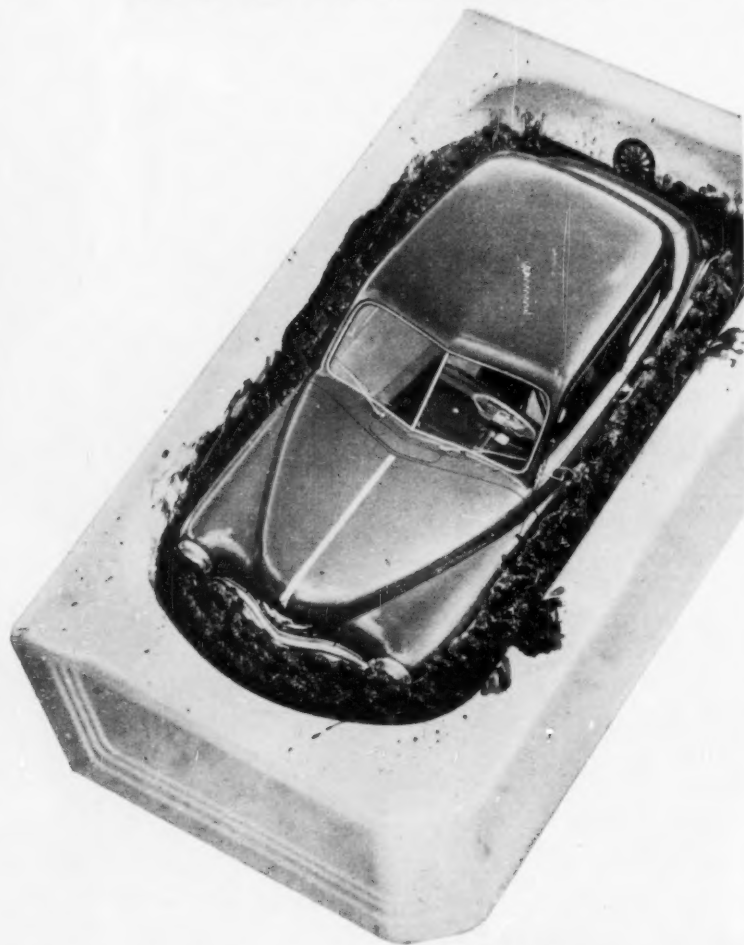
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**Shakespeare Gets a
 New Home Town**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

belt"), and its Old September cheese (which grocer Charlie Dadswell ships as far as California). But its claim to culture is upheld by the annual music festival (third-oldest in Canada), a painting club (newly organized by the city's recreation director), and a little-theatre group, which started out enthusiastically just two years ago and now has a tough time getting members to work on productions.

Stratford residents remember when big-time publisher Jack Kent Cooke did man-on-the-street interviews for local CJCS, and when Aimee Semple McPherson used to exhort wavering sinners in a hall beside the Brewers' Warehouse. They recall that Edison learned his telegraphy on night shift at the Grand Trunk Station, invented a gadget that signed-in every hour while he slept, missed a message that almost caused a train wreck, and left town without waiting for his pay. But the only famous artists residents can recall are wartime RCAF bandleader Martin Boundy, Toronto commercial painter Bruce (Boney) Stapleton, and writer James Reaney, who as a modern poet is regarded with some suspicion.

There is evidence of interest in Shakespearean drama. Volume by volume over the past twenty years his Complete Works have been stolen from the public library. Miss Jennie Daly, the librarian, a slight woman with wispy greying hair and youthful eyes, who divides her enthusiasms between the library and the Indians, remembers that the missing books were well-worn, but admits "that's the high-school students who have to read them."

In calling Stratford a cultural centre, the Beacon-Herald today seems less realistic than in 1932 when it asked in a centennial edition: "Why was Stratford named the Classic City?" The editors answered themselves: "It must be assumed that the name came from the classically named institutions and not from any particular inclination to the classics on the part of the natives."

This statement still fits the facts. Stratford has not had a Shakespearean scholar since John Davis Barnett, master mechanic of the Grand Trunk shops, died in 1926. Tall and erect, with a snow-white beard and loose-fitting clothes, he looked something like poet Walt Whitman. Every room in his home overflowed with books; people swore his walls were built from them. His particular pride was Shakespeare, and scholars came from America and Britain to browse in his fifteen-hundred-volume Shakespearean library, which he gave to London's University of Western Ontario.

But if few people in Stratford today are acquainted with Shakespeare's work all pay homage to his fame. Stratford's wards and schools are named Romeo, Juliet, Hamlet, Falstaff, and so on. All the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays—bee balm and sneeze worse, bachelor's button and monkshood—bloom in a formal English garden at the juncture of the highway and the river, beside the superb stone arch that prompted Lord Alexander to exclaim, "A real old-country bridge!" And English roses (a present of Lord Tweedsmuir) enshrine a bronze head of the Bard by Canadian sculptor Cleeve Horne.

On the other side of the bridge is a sundial of Cotswold stone, a gift from England's Stratford. During the war Rotarians in Canada's Stratford sent gifts of clothing, food and blankets to

Stratford, England. In return, the English city's mayor, Sir Archibald Flowers, extended the keys of the city to lonesome soldiers from Stratford, Ontario. After the war, Sir Archibald spent a week in Stratford, Ontario, and the two towns have grown close together. They exchange visitors, correspondence, gifts and often cable or even telephone congratulations on special occasions.

But Shakespeare's real New World monument is the Avon River. As spring comes, and the huge graceful riverside willows bud, the Avon begins to look like its Warwickshire original. With cricket games on its grassy banks and swans on its placid bosom, with rustic bridges, little islands, and landscaped lagoons, the river meanders in and out of the heart of the city—through thirteen hundred acres of man-made parkland. And from the old stone bridge at centre-town, the nineteenth-century skyline completes the illusion.

The river suggests a love for English tradition. But the main street of Stratford, just a block up from the river, is as practical and Canadian as they come. The men who planned the park near the turn of the century had vision, but no nostalgia and little sense of tradition. When the Duke of York (later George V) visited Stratford in 1901, Mayor James Stamp greeted him with: "How's your governor?"

They Couldn't Crack Kroehler's

Stratford poses other contradictions. About sixty industries turn out products from piston rings to butter and shirts; but mainly, the city depends on furniture, and the huge three-hundred-thousand-dollar monthly payroll from the CNR locomotive repair shops. If the shops ever shut down, Stratford would cease to be a city. Yet last year, when General Electric wanted to build a plant to employ a thousand people, Stratford's Industrial Commission turned it down.

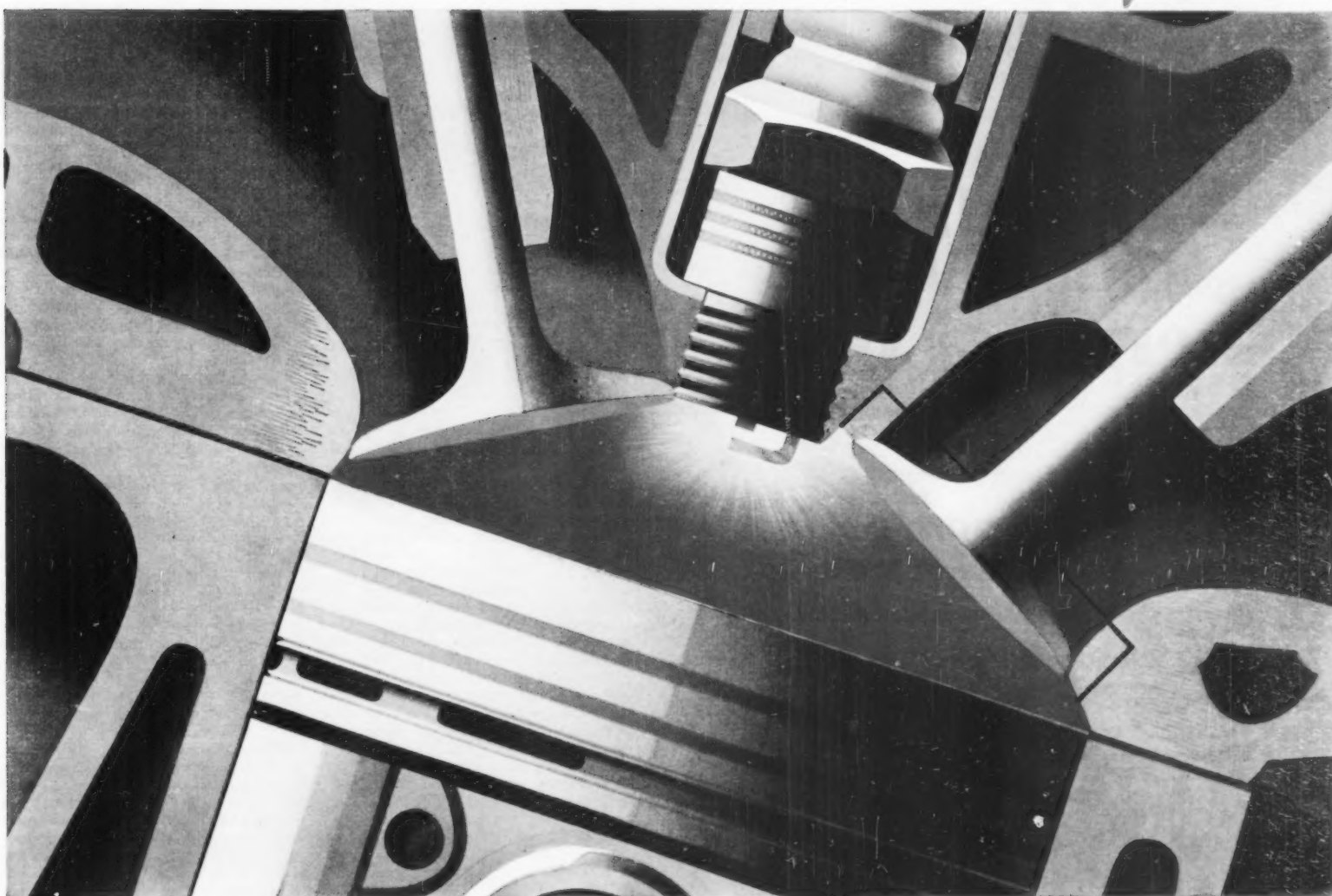
Such conservative policies kept Stratford static while neighboring cities like Kitchener and Guelph were doubling their population. Between the 1931 census and the 1951 census Stratford gained exactly one thousand and forty-three people. And the lack of fresh blood kept the old conservative viewpoints strong.

After the war, for example, when union organizers tried to crack Kroehler's, the city's biggest factory, four hundred furniture workers voted "no union." To many Stratford craftsmen the socialist-minded but ultra-respectable CCF party is an undercover movement like Communism ("What's the difference—they're all radicals").

Yet many community attitudes are those commonly labeled "liberal." Stratford's half-dozen Negro families (an escaped slave, Ben Sleet, had the first ice business in Stratford) mix socially on equal terms with their white neighbors. Monsignor "Dan" Egan, an angular, affable, eighty-year-old but still active priest, is said to have as many friends among Protestants as among Roman Catholics. Harold Wyatt, vice-president and boss of the Kroehler plant, regularly waits his turn in the noon-hour line-up at the plant cafeteria.

The answer to some of these contradictions lies in Stratford's beginnings. After the War of 1812 the British government granted a million acres of land along Lake Huron to the Canada Company, headed by the Scottish poet and businessman, John Galt. Hacking a road to the lake Galt's surveyors crossed a marshy forested creek, called it the Little Thames, and noted "a good mill-site." Galt's replacement,

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Thomas Mercer Jones, called it Stratford, meaning, roughly, a narrow crossing.

But Jones didn't forget where the name had first been coined. In 1832 he renamed the Little Thames the Avon, and gave an oil painting of Shakespeare to Stratford's first settlers, Thomas and William Sargent. They hammered it up outside Stratford's first building, the Shakespeare Inn. The fledgling community, following through, renamed itself Stratford-on-Avon. But exasperated post-office officials said Stratford was quite enough and arbitrarily stroked off "on-Avon."

Although Stratford has the highest elevation in Ontario (1,150 feet above sea level) it was too swampy to grow very fast. Then in 1871 "Muddy Stratford" was made a division point for the Grand Trunk Railway. By 1900, George McLagan, a big matter-of-fact mechanic, so religious he wouldn't even play crokinole, had given Stratford its second big industry—furniture. But the Avon's boggy tributaries snaked through the city like open sewers.

The stump-choked Avon itself was the worst eyesore. Bordering its weedy banks was a junk yard, a livery stable, a bottle-bestrewn ashery, and, dead centre, the city dump. People held their nose as they ran across the nearby bridge.

In 1904 the city appointed a Park Board and, sparked by a farseeing, tenacious young insurance broker named Tom Orr, decided to clean up the mess. Using the city's credit they bought most of the land along the river, paid for a dam by selling power rights, dredged out centre-town Lake Victoria, sold its ice in winter, salvaged stone from old buildings, scrounged tons of dirt for fill, planted trees, grass, flowers, and fought off the suddenly interested factory owners.

Then, in 1913, a more formidable adversary threatened to wipe out their work. The CPR decided to run a second railway along the river bank. It meant cattle pens, freight sheds and boxcars instead of parkland. But it also meant cheaper freight rates, more industry—and revenue for the city.

The council, the Park Board and the entire community, argued these points in the Beacon-Herald, on street corners, in homes—in hopeless and vehement disagreement. The CPR sent Commissioner Harry Timmerman to regale the city fathers with champagne in his private car. The Park Board answered by hurriedly building a boathouse beside the dam—plain proof of what the park had to offer.

The issue came to a head with a public vote. The CPR offered property owners as far away as Vancouver a free trip home to vote for "progress." Women went from door to door pleading for the park, defying their husbands who said that property values would

rise. And despite some Grand Trunk men who perversely voted "against the boss," the CPR was defeated by eighty-six votes. "Thank God," said one woman, summing up popular feeling, "we can keep this a decent place to live."

They did. In the early Twenties, visiting Governor-General Lord Byng, after driving through the city's worst section, said: "Now show me your slums." Today, peripatetic bank and chain-store managers say there is no better place to bring up children. Jack Wellard, who manages the Vogue and Avon theatres, says: "In all the time I've been here—three years now—there's never been any scribbling on the washroom walls. Nobody steals the soap bowls. You know, that's unheard of in this business."

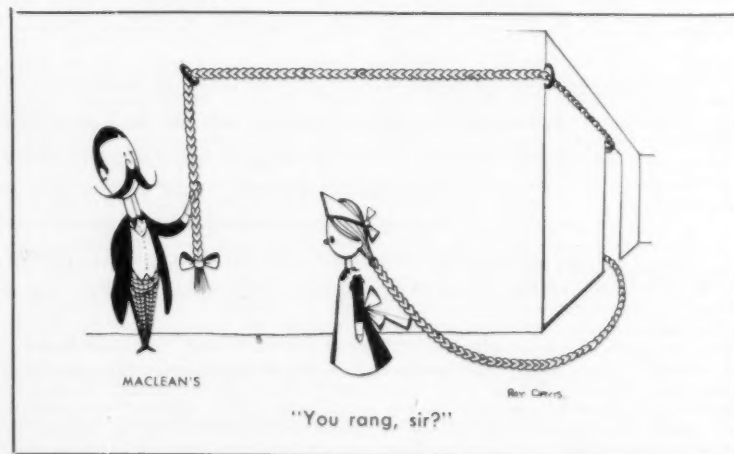
New families moving to Stratford are left strictly alone—until they get sick or have trouble, when they suddenly find they have neighbors. Citizens co-operate with the police and phoned in five thousand tips last year. Once, two hundred and fifty volunteers turned out to help police search all night for a missing woman.

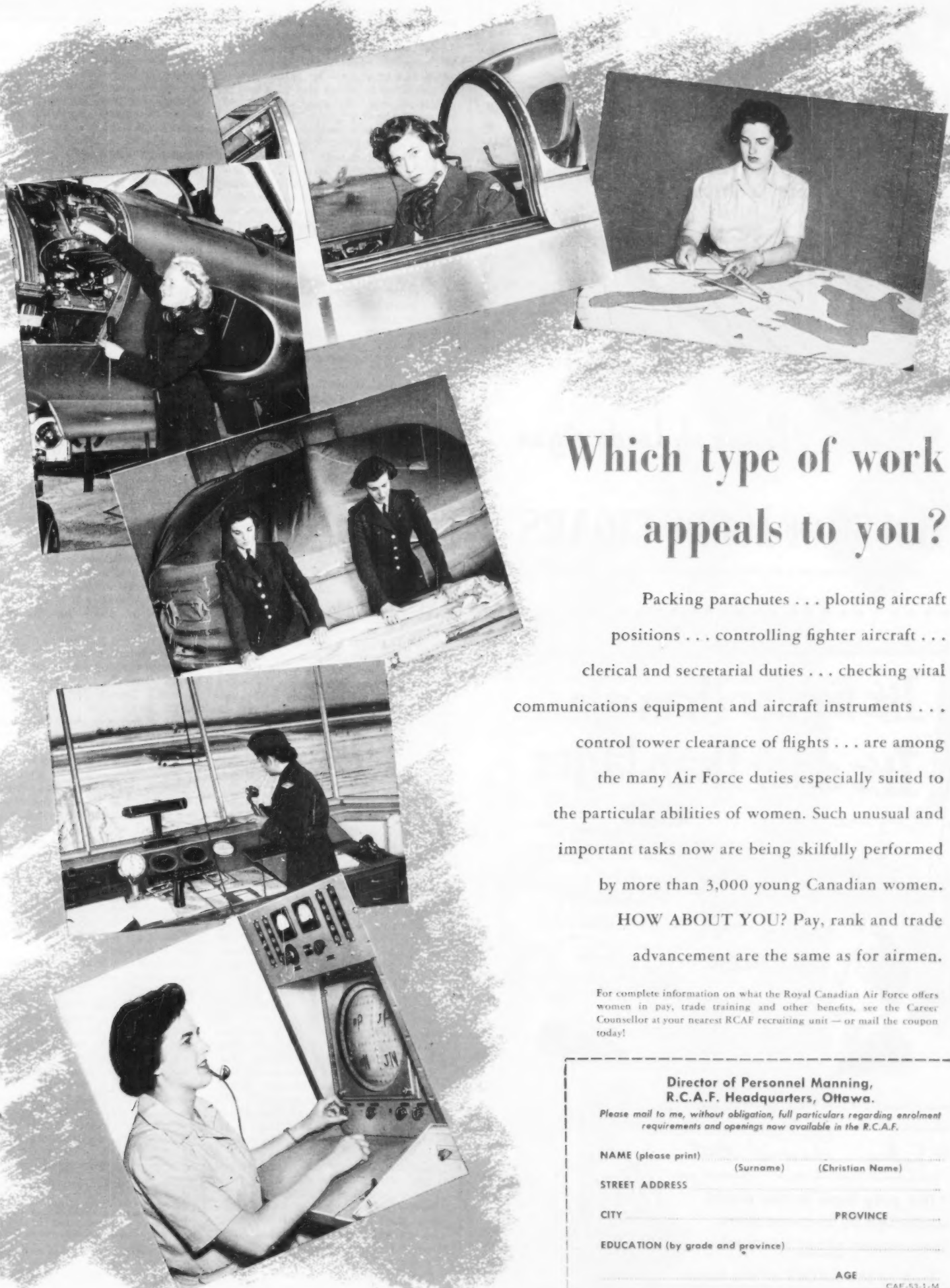
Social pretensions run the hazard of ridicule. The greatest autocrats in town were the late McLennan sisters, whose brother John had been knighted for outstanding work in physics in Britain during World War I. The sisters, tall stout women, framed every scrap of paper Sir John had ever scribbled on, looked down on anyone "in trade" and once asked the assistant postmaster to deliver a three-cent stamp. But they never persuaded Stratford to take them seriously. To the end, the eldest sister, Janet, remained "Buck," short for Bucktooth.

Life in Stratford has a homespun texture. Businessmen don't hustle. Deals go through on street corners, and sometimes over United Cigar Store's coffee counter. Practically every housewife tunes in the Swap Shop (9 a.m. to 11) to hear a local CJCS disc jockey read fifty to seventy-five telephone numbers of private citizens who have something to sell—everything from baby shoes to space in the cemetery. One woman, who had just taken up riding the week before, offered a saddle, with a guarantee it had never been touched by a rider.

These characteristics—thriftiness, unpretentiousness, neighborliness and honesty—look different growing out of the city's not-so-ancient history. They look less like a "liberal" creed, and more like virtues that were pioneer necessities. In this light, voting down the union in Kroehler's seems more like independence than resistance to change. And turning down the General Electric plant is not just head-in-the-sand conservatism.

The Industrial Commission's president, Wilf Gregory, explains it this





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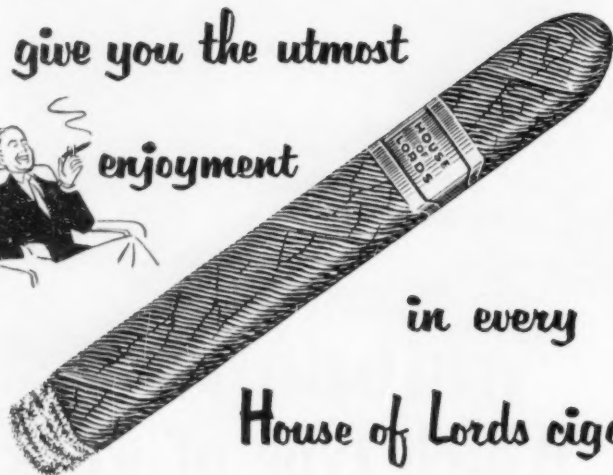
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way: "What's the point of crowding our schools, our housing, all our city services? We make the town a worse place to live in and what good does it do us? We're definitely after industry. We've got six new ones in the past two years, but small ones we can absorb—maybe three hundred and twenty-five people all told. We want growth, but we want sound growth. Size doesn't mean anything in itself."

The General Electric decision is the CPR issue up-dated. In both, the people of Stratford have taken their stand and stated their values unmistakably—a belief that progress isn't measured entirely by quantity, either more money, more people, or more industry.

This belief preserved the park they created out of marshland. And the double similarity in names prompted civic pride to shape the New World Avon in an Old World image. "What could be more logical," asked a widely published newspaper editorial last year, "than that . . . the city . . . should aspire to be the Shakespearean centre of Canada?"

As a tourist attraction—as a straight money-making proposition—nothing could be more logical indeed. But the Stratford Shakespearean Festival Foundation says it isn't a tourist stunt. "We're not out to make money," declares Dr. Harry Showalter, a hard-working chemist who had never heard of Alec Guinness before he became chairman. "We want an artistic success."

Some Names to Drop

The festival is the brain child of its present manager, Tom Patterson, a slight quiet-spoken man of thirty-two. In his school days, lying on the grass in the park listening to the CNR band one balmy evening, he felt that "something big" could be done with Stratford's Old World charm. What could be bigger than Shakespeare, or more fitting? He nursed the idea through university, through five years overseas with the Army Dental Corps and, after the war, broached it back home. No one took him seriously. He went to work in Toronto for a trade magazine, Maclean-Hunter's Civic Administration.

Then, one autumn day in Winnipeg in 1951, while covering a convention of the American Waterworks Association, Patterson found himself talking old times with Stratford's Mayor David Simpson. He brought out his Shakespeare idea and dusted it off. "Sounds fine," said Simpson. "See what you can dig up and let me know."

Patterson, now publicity wise, began to phone people like Sir Ernest MacMillan, conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Celia Franca, director of the National Ballet Company of Canada, Dr. W. J. Dunlop, Ontario's Minister of Education. Their offers of help were highly tentative, but gave Patterson a chance to mention some big names when he started calling people in Stratford in January 1952.

Reactions were so enthusiastic that Patterson's mother cautioned, "Look, keep your feet on the ground." An alderman finally suggested Tom should talk to the city council: "They've all heard about it anyway; they'll be hurt if you don't."

Patterson was worried; if the council turned him down he was washed up. He told them first what he wanted for himself—to be manager. He talked about keeping Canadian talent at home and still hewing to British traditions. Then he leaned hard on his main point: "It would certainly increase business. I feel sure that Sir Laurence Olivier would come . . ." And Tom asked for a hundred dollars to go to New York to

find out. Alderman Wilf Gregory said: "I'm in favor of giving Mr. Patterson up to a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

The New York trip was a failure. Patterson couldn't even get in to see Olivier; all he got was a formal expression of "interest" at second hand from Olivier's secretary. He went the rounds of the Broadway agents and received bland but worthless assurances of "carloads of stars." ("What are you worrying about?" asked one. "Look at all the oil you people got up there. Go out and buy yourself a theatre.") He tried the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations. They looked at his press clippings, realized the motive was money, and said they would "consider it," meaning no dice.

Patterson, completely disheartened, put as bright a face as he could on his report and the Stratford Beacon-Herald helped by headlining it: ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION TO CONSIDER FESTIVAL PROPOSAL. Soon afterward, Toronto's Globe and Mail reported: "Heartened by Sir Laurence Olivier's interest, citizens of Stratford have set up a committee to organize a Shakespearean drama for that city."

But what actually saved the festival at that point was the heady whiff of nationwide publicity that Stratford businessmen were still inhaling, and a suggestion by Dora Mavor Moore, founder of Toronto's New Play Society, that her friend Tyrone Guthrie might come over and size things up.

Guthrie, a towering Scots-Irishman, was then director of London's famed Old Vic. Patterson called him on the trans-Atlantic telephone.

"I'm certainly interested," Guthrie replied, "especially if it offers a fresh advance in producing Shakespeare. How about money?"

"Well," said Patterson, "I can offer you five hundred dollars." For a few moments the line was silent, and Patterson thought he hadn't offered enough. Then Guthrie said, "I think that'll be all right." Afterward, Patterson found out the connection had broken; Guthrie came out without knowing what he was getting.

In July, Guthrie cabled he was free to fly out immediately. This precipitated another crisis—the committee had no money. Chairman Showalter got on the phone, called a dozen people, and in six minutes had five hundred dollars cash. "I never thought they'd do it," he marveled. "I thought it was all talk."

Patterson met Guthrie at Toronto's Malton Airport. "Now then," said the big man, "what's this all about?"

"First of all," Patterson confessed, "I don't know anything about theatre and I don't pretend to."

Guthrie chuckled. "If the rest of the committee is as honest as you we'll get along fine."

The committee had looked forward to meeting the foremost producer in British theatre with mingled awe and suspicion. "We expected he'd be a lofty abstruse person," says Showalter, "someone who would spout culture over our heads." Guthrie, for his part, wasn't clear on the tourist angle, and the atmosphere on both sides was cool.

Showalter made a formal speech of welcome. Then, summoning his nerve,

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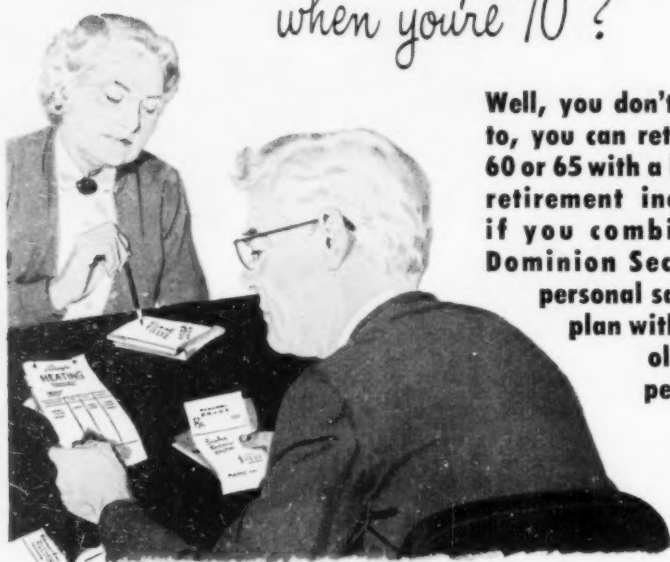
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he said bluntly: "Mr. Guthrie, I hope you don't mind if we ask you some embarrassing questions."

"Not at all," said Guthrie imper-turbably, "that's what I'm here for." Showalter sat down. No one spoke. The silence dragged on. No one knew any embarrassing questions to ask.

"Maybe I can clarify things," said Guthrie. He stood up, impressively tall and easy-mannered, with sharp but humorous eyes.

"If you want to make a lot of money on this festival, I can tell you how to do it. Get a dozen dancing girls up from New York. Put a band and some lighting behind them. Let them shimmy a bit and your merchants should do quite well, though of course, I shan't be with you. But if you want to try to produce the finest Shakespeare in the world, and give Canada more than wealth and industry to be proud of, then I think you can do it, and I'll be with you all the way."

In the next three minutes the Stratford committee abandoned all hope of profit. Unanimously they decided to take on themselves the burden of Canada's reputation abroad. And enthusiasm was still pitched high two weeks later when Guthrie reported his findings.

Canada, he said, could muster sufficient first-class acting talent to take care of all supporting roles. The park, with its natural amphitheatre, was ideal; playgoers could stroll or go boating between acts and talk over performances.

Then Guthrie came down to specific suggestions: Leisurely productions of only two plays at first. Lavish costumes, simple lighting and settings. An apron stage to bring back the intimacy Shakespeare used to have with his audience. A tent "which could be a thing of beauty" to give shelter and "keep the words from flying out into the night." "But," he warned, "I'd advise you to wait unless you can get top stars—the very best." Then Guthrie presented his bill for two weeks' expenses—seven-fifty—and flew back to Britain to direct the Edinburgh Festival.

One Sour Note Was Heard

The committee promptly dispatched Tom Patterson to England to shop for stars. His No. 1 target was Alec Guinness, then playing in *Under The Sycamore Tree*. Guinness, in long underwear, received Patterson in his dressingroom, poured him a hefty Scotch, and made up while Tom talked. By the final "on stage," Guinness, though intrigued, was still undecided. "Look," said Patterson frankly, "I'm prejudiced. Before you make up your mind, check with Guthrie."

Guthrie lauded Stratford's common sense and uncommon zeal. "We couldn't mobilize that kind of enthusiasm over here," he said. Guinness took Patterson to lunch at his club and said he was "interested," which, in this case, meant let's settle the details.

"Can we talk money?" Patterson asked diffidently. He couldn't come anywhere near Guinness' salary from J. Arthur Rank. The lunch ended by Patterson telling Guinness he was entitled to some profit, and Guinness saying impatiently, "Look, you may lose money on this. You've got to keep your costs down. I'm satisfied with expenses."

Patterson came back to Stratford with the finest package of talents the British stage could provide: Guthrie as producer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch (who lost her RAF husband in Canada during the war) as set designer, and Alec Guinness (who renounced a lucrative Hollywood offer to accept)—all for

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twelve thousand dollars, less for the trio's season's work than Judy Garland turned down for one week last summer at Toronto's under-canvas show, *Melody Fair*. When hard-headed Dr. Showalter, a devout Baptist, heard this news he said, "I just can't bring myself to believe that people are this way, but I'm having it proved in front of my eyes."

A local correspondent in the *Stratford Beacon-Herald* injected a sour note into this altruistic atmosphere a couple of months ago by suggesting that Guinness, a J. Arthur Rank star, was participating in the festival on orders from the boss for publicity purposes and that the Rank organization was trying to dominate the festival generally. This drew a statement from Showalter in which he acknowledged that "help and encouragement" had been received from both J. Arthur Rank and Leonard Brockington, Rank's senior Canadian executive. "This is not to say, however, that the festival is in any manner under the domination or control of Mr. Rank, Mr. Brockington or any other of its supporters."

At year's end the committee called in Patterson, by now haggard from trying to hold down his magazine job and ride herd at the same time on the swiftly shaping structure of the festival. "We're going to turn the tables on you," said Showalter. "You bought Guinness and Guthrie without any money. Now we're going to hire you, and you know we haven't a cent yet."

Patterson is now in Stratford with Cecil Clarke, stage manager of the Old Vic Theatre, supervising the details for the big show. The government has declared the nonprofit festival a tax-free foundation. Canadian business—one third of it Stratford—has put up one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, no strings attached. Toronto broker John Frame has donated Toronto office space. Patterson's bank, to his continual amazement, says nothing about the overdraft that has climbed to four figures.

Incredibly, the dream has become a reality. This summer the practical people of Stratford will open their homes and their park to what may be our largest single invasion of U. S. tourists. The cultural elite of the continent, famous names from Broadway, will stroll beside the placid little Avon. Out of an Englishman's impulse to give a forest stream a familiar name one hundred and twenty years ago, can come something which, if successful, will lift Canada's prestige well above the level of oil and newsprint.

But the really important thing is what the festival signifies. It is much more than Tom Patterson's dogged faith and Guthrie's and Guinness' devotion to the theatre. The festival is in direct descent from Stratford's park, the deliberately slow growth of industry. Through Guthrie's eyes, some Stratford citizens caught a glimpse of how Canada looked from abroad and they found that they cared. Guthrie's pungent eloquence roused the values, but in three minutes he couldn't have created them. The values had been building for half a century. ★

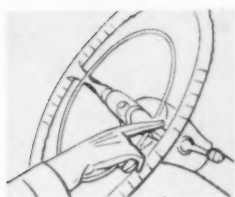
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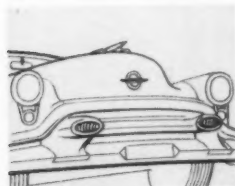
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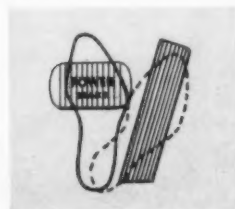
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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Therefore we cannot blame it on the war.

I must confess that in my attitude toward both hanging and corporal punishment I was much influenced by a visit I paid to the governor of Wandsworth Prison on the eve of the hanging debate.

"I hope you chaps in parliament will do away with the death penalty," he

said. "When we have to string up a fellow here, although we try to keep it secret, the news always gets around by jungle telegraph. The whole prison becomes violent and brutalized. And there is another aspect: In the criminal world the murderer is the aristocrat—the fellow who killed and took the risk of hanging. If you do away with the gallows he will be regarded in the underworld as the cowardly brute who kills with no risk to his own neck, and I believe that the criminal community would turn against him."

"But corporal punishment is a differ-

ent thing. The criminal who has been whipped or flogged is regarded as a wretched creature. It reduces him to the level of a schoolboy who has been caned. In fact he is a figure of contempt. For some brutes flogging is the only language they understand."

The philosopher, the idealist and the sentimentalist answer that we are no longer in the dark ages and that civilization has outlived the days when society took its revenge upon the criminal by the mutilation of the body. They further argue that corporal punishment not only brutalizes him who receives

but also him who administers.

This is a hard point to answer, yet if we look clearly upon this era in which we live we surely must come to the conclusion that while the twentieth century has shown great advances in the social conscience, in science and education, it has also proved to be one of the most cruel periods in all history.

We recall with horror the cruelty of the Inquisition but at least the Spaniards had some mad idea they were expelling evil in the torture of the *auto-da-fé*. We think of the days of Bloody Mary when criminals were publicly beheaded and when executioners would deftly cut out a condemned man's heart while his body still lived on for a few jerking seconds.

But were the fires of Smithfield as barbaric as the extermination ovens of the Nazi concentration camps? At least the victims of the sixteenth century had been judged guilty of some crime but the victims of the Nazis had committed no crime save that of being born of Jewish parents.

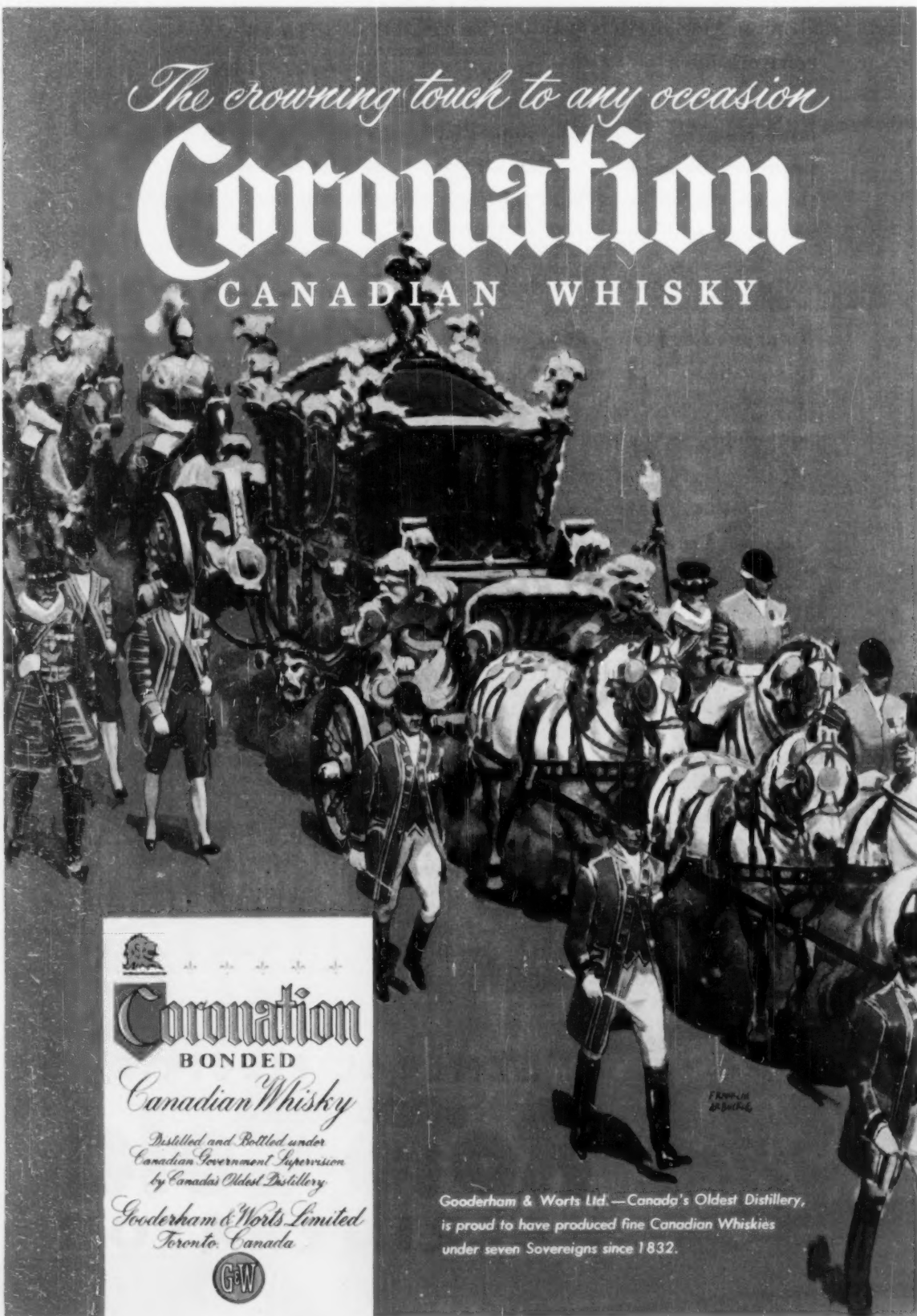
The brutal Judge Jeffreys could console his damnable conscience by the pretext that the men he sent to the gallows had rebelled against the King, but what can be said for the Japanese in the torture and extermination of their prisoners in the last war? Still further, how can we condemn our forefathers as barbaric when we consider the slaughter of the innocents with which imperialist Communism has created its kingdom of slavery? Today brutality does not bother to defend itself. It makes its own laws and carries out its own edicts.

Therefore I declare that we should recognize the forward march of civilization but not blind ourselves to the march of brutality. The roads run parallel to each other and the pace seems roughly equal.

For a moment let us look at the arguments of those who sincerely believe the restoration of corporal punishment would be a retrograde step. Some of them say that criminals who commit violence should be regarded as being mentally sick, or the victims of heredity, or embittered by poverty. They are not masters of their own conduct but are at the mercy of influences beyond their control.

Let us admit that heredity and environment undoubtedly play a part, as they do in everyone's life. But what is this rot that they are under influences beyond their control? Do they raid a bank when the police are looking on? Do they beat up a woman if her husband and sons happen to be in the house? Of course not. They are sufficiently self-controlled to plan their crimes with cold calculated precision. Therefore they must be regarded as men who are the masters of their fate.


Yet the community is not wholly blameless. The treatment of crime by newspapers glamorizes the murderer—not intentionally but nevertheless inevitably. The weak-minded youth



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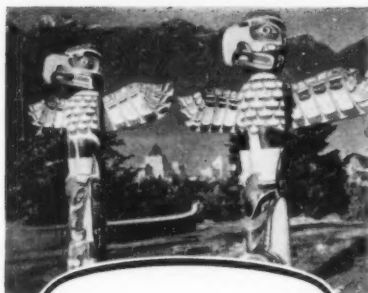
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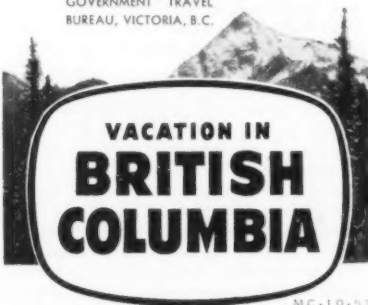
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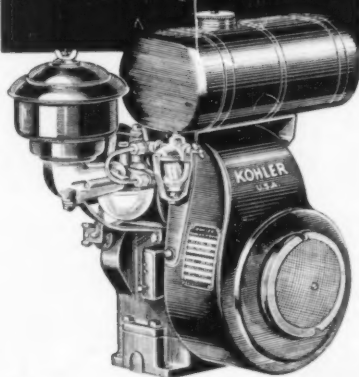


VACATION IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

MC-10-53

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Power for garden tractors, mowers, pumps, sprayers, snow removal equipment, elevators and hoists, portable saws, concrete mixers, compressors, grinders, industrial and lift trucks, and a wide range of tools and equipment for industry, construction, farm and home.

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PRECISION CONTROLS

can become a national figure by pouring bullets into a policeman, and better still, he can get hold of money without earning it and live the life of a flash boy in the underworld. Even if he has to hang he may have thousands of people clamoring for reprieve as if he were a patriot.

The newspapers will answer that they are not censors but publishers and that they do no more than present life as it is lived. That is a plausible answer but it does not really cover the point. The glamorizing of crime by newspapers and films, even if it is not intended, has an undoubted influence on young fellows who see nothing but drudgery ahead of them if they go straight.

Every nation in the Western world is confronted with the empiric struggle against Communism. Every nation is faced with the necessity of increasing output so that the heavy cost of rearmament can be borne by taxation. In Korea, in Malaya and in Indo-China young soldiers are giving their lives and, as Rupert Brooke wrote, their immortality. Not for them the happiness of home life or the pride of parenthood. But while they die in the cruel struggle young fellows of their own age are making war on the community at home, brutal, savage war in which there is no mercy. They are not merely criminals. I say that they are traitors.

That is an ugly truth which may startle the fastidious and the sentimental but it is a truth that should be faced.

The Dregs of Society

In war a young soldier's nerve may break after days and nights of horror and he deserts, risking the punishment of the firing squad. But in England, the young criminal, a deserter from his duties as a citizen, beats a bank clerk to insensibility, knowing that his own body is considered sacrosanct by the authorities.

I repeat the charge that the criminal is the traitor on the home front. Everyone's hand should be against him. In prison we should try and reform him, try to make him conscious of his duties as a citizen, try to convince him that violence does not pay because it begets violence—and if he has any doubts on that last point the proof is at hand. To those who have ruled that corporal punishment is barbaric and outdated I point out that it is for the criminal to say whether or not it will be invoked. No judge will demand it for its own sake.

There is not enough propaganda against crime, yet propaganda has become the fifth column of every campaign in peace or war. The criminal who carries a gun should not be dramatized as a daring bandit but as a coward and a traitor to the community. The criminal who clubs a defenseless cashier should be depicted as the dregs of human society. And this should be done by the very mediums that glamorize crime today—the Press, the cinema and the comics.

We have tolerated criminals too long as a difficult and unavoidable section of the community. Certainly it is our duty to create conditions of work and leisure that are a healthy influence on mind and body; certainly it is the duty of the church and the community to preach by word and example the duties and privileges of citizenship.

But, if after all these things, a criminal strikes at society by a brutal attack on a helpless man or woman then justice should be armed not only with a sword but with a whip—until such time as civilization can say, "We have emerged from the jungle at last and are animals no more." ★

M-m-m-m...
Good Looking!



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She'll love the Sea-Horse 5

The Johnson Sea-Horse 5 outboard motor transforms stay-at-homes into seasoned skippers as if by magic. With Neutral Clutch you start right at the dock, then set your course, cast off and let the automatic Co-pilot take command. The Sea-Horse 5 starts eagerly, keeps high spirited power under perfect control, through its whole speed range.

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25-73

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WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs



The Boy Who Listened to Rockefeller

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

"Command Performance." When he sat down at table Eaton was still intent on the Baptist ministry and convinced that the road to hell was paved with stocks and bonds. Then Rockefeller talked. When he arose Cyrus Eaton believed that the way to heaven was lined with factories which provided better jobs for people from places like Pugwash.

To fit himself for the Rockefeller interpretation of Christianity Eaton paid his way through McMaster University, then in Toronto, by clerking in the evenings and, during the holidays, acting as assistant to an assistant secretary in the Rockefeller entourage. Eaton's refined and sober character must have impressed the old man for later he was called on to take part in the entertaining of guests, in the manner of a royal aide.

After graduating in 1905 his first job was with the East Ohio Gas Company, in which Rockefeller was interested. One of his assignments was to conciliate the hundreds of householders who were protesting against their lawns being torn up as the company laid natural-gas pipes in Ohio townships. His task was complicated by the artificial-gas company, which feared the competition and put out lurid stories about the explosive elements in natural gas.

The number of voices raised against natural gas was so great that Eaton found it impossible to silence them all individually. He soon realized that most of the complaints accumulated in great sheafs of wrathful correspondence on the desks of town councilors whose political future began to hang on the issue. So Eaton went to work with his lutelike tongue on the councilors and persuaded them that since natural gas was going to be available at half the price of artificial gas its superiority was indisputable, its eventual victory inevitable, and opposition to it a bad example of politicians working to protect entrenched interests. The councilors were impressed and joined the natural-gas camp. The complaints of citizens soon ceased.

Today Eaton recalls with satisfaction that the artificial-gas company, which rejected many offers to join the natural-gas enterprise, went bankrupt.

Established as a diplomat, Eaton was chosen by a group of New York syndicates to head off into the western Canadian - American border country and get franchises from local councils to run gas and electricity plants. By late 1906 he had a fistful and the future looked rosy. Early in 1907, however, there was a run on the banks in the United States and panic set in. No money was forthcoming to float the utilities for which Eaton had franchises. Eaton was left high and dry. When he wrote the syndicates asking what he should do with the franchises they replied abruptly: "Sweat it out yourself."

Around this time he got a letter from his father asking if he were successful. "Far from it," he replied. "But I have not lost my faith. If I keep on going straight I will win through eventually."

He was in Brandon, Man., at the time and had a franchise to run the city's electricity plant. He couldn't raise enough money in Brandon to float the company. Eaton discovered that the Wall Street panic had not affected Canada. So, at twenty-three, he went to a Montreal bank and borrowed

enough on his franchise to provide Brandon with electricity himself.

The company flourished and Eaton quickly sold out to the Province of Manitoba. Now he had capital. By Dec. 1907 he had floated utilities in Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas and several other states and married Margaret House, a Cleveland girl. In 1910 his father came to visit them from Pugwash. Cyrus Eaton met him at the station.

"Dad," he said, "what would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"I would buy everything I wanted in the world," said his father.

"Well," said Eaton, "I have between three and four millions and I don't know what to do with them."

He decided there was no alternative but to make more.

By 1912 he had consolidated all his holdings in a single company called the Continental Gas and Electricity Corporation. Soon afterward, through the Cleveland banking house of Otis and Company, he melted Continental into the massive United Light and Power Company and thus became chairman of the biggest utilities group in the United States.

In heating and lighting Eaton was czar. In Cleveland his rivals began to speak of him apprehensively as the Merger Sphinx.

He became a partner in Otis and Company and night after night at home began studying the intricacies of that queen of all industries—steel. After a few years he found a weak spot through which he felt he could break into this challenging field.

From the outside he began to study the affairs of an Ohio firm called the Trumbull Steel Company which was then in difficulties and administered by a three-man committee. He laid his plans as secretly as if he had been plotting a military operation.

In 1925, when he was forty-two, he strode in on the committee and baldly offered to finance the firm back to solid ground. "I figure," he said quietly, "that it will take eighteen million dollars to do the job."

The committee gasped. This stranger had hit on precisely the same figure as themselves. When they got over the shock they let him know they had never heard of him and didn't believe he had the money.

"Gentlemen," said Eaton, "if you

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE



MACLEAN'S

"Wonder if he knows I'm bluffing?"

this
 atomic
 eye
 sees
 through
 iron
 curtains



How the Cobalt Bomb test is set up. Castings are arranged in a circle around the Bomb, with a sheet of sensitive photographic film behind each casting. The "atomic rays" pass through the casting, tracing a picture of the inner structure of the metal on the film.



After development, just like an X-Ray picture, the film is examined closely by trained technicians who can quickly point out any defects. Flawed castings are melted down and reprocessed.

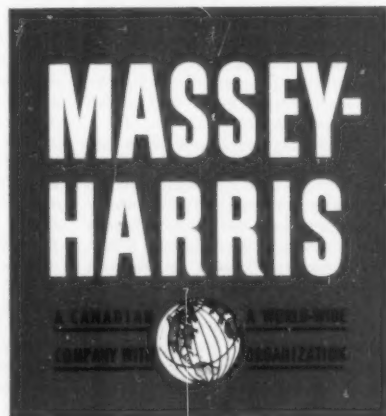
Massey-Harris Research on iron castings put atomic energy to work for the first time in Canadian industry.

More and more frequently today you see news of developments aimed at applying the tremendous power of atomic energy to peacetime projects and products. Since 1949, when a small sphere of radioactive cobalt was shipped to Massey-Harris from Canada's atomic energy centre at Chalk River, it has been used to detect possible flaws in the iron castings made at Massey-Harris' modern, fully-mechanized Brantford Foundry.

In the old days, it was difficult to test a new casting without literally smashing it open with a sledge hammer. If flaws were present, the casting procedure had to be changed and the tedious process was repeated over and over until success resulted.

Now, like an all-seeing "atomic eye", the piercing rays of the Cobalt Bomb probe through the heaviest castings to reveal even slight flaws or porous patches buried deep in the heart of the iron. This means higher-quality, more durable power equipment for the farmer—and is one of the reasons why Canadian built Massey-Harris machines are famous in 106 countries the world over for dependability and freedom from breakdowns.

*new things to benefit Canadian agriculture are always
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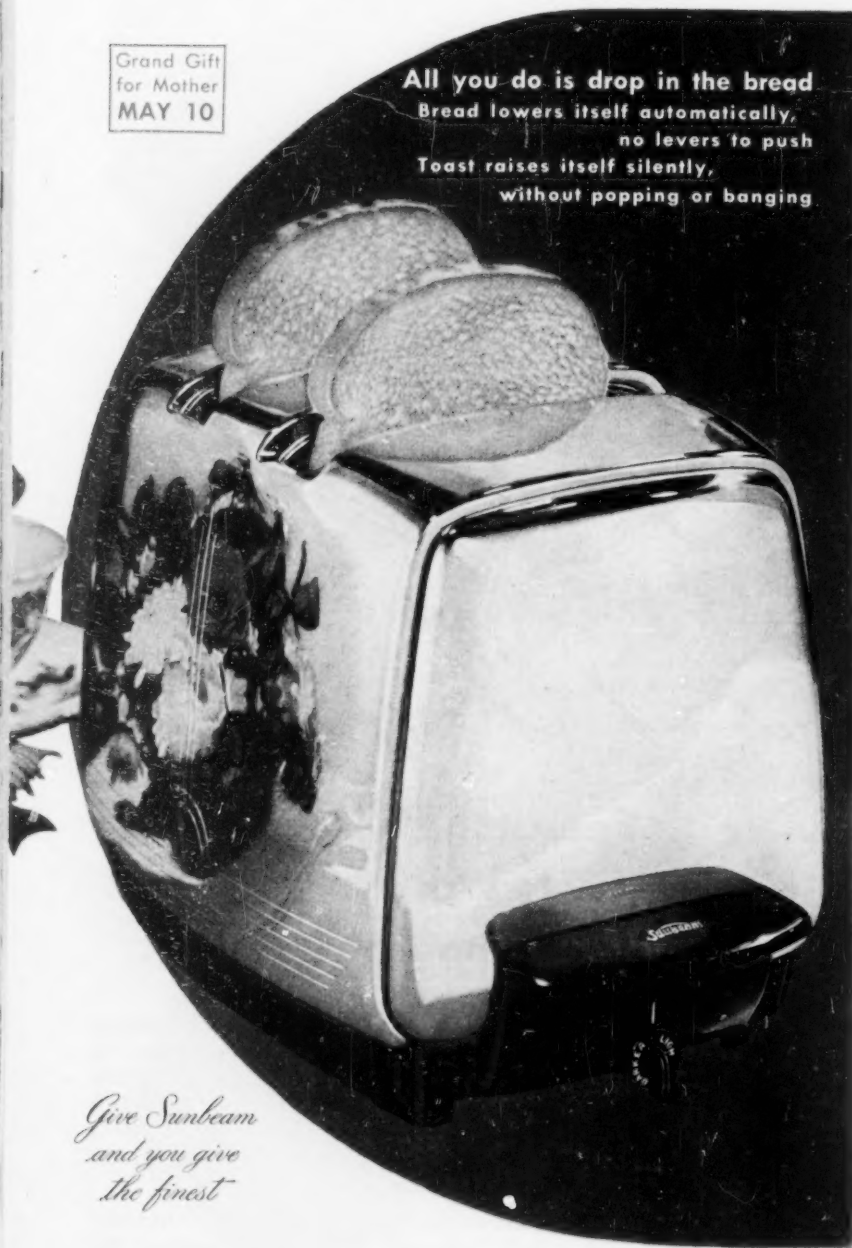
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Automatic Beyond Belief!

Grand Gift
for Mother
MAY 10

All you do is drop in the bread
Bread lowers itself automatically,
no levers to push
Toast raises itself silently,
without popping or banging



Give Sunbeam
and you give
the finest

This is the sensational new toaster that has completely changed people's conception of what an automatic toaster should do.

No levers to push—no popping or banging. Just drop in the bread and let the Sunbeam take over. This turns on the current and the bread silently lowers. When perfectly toasted, the current turns off and the toast comes up silently. It's that sensational!

Only the new Sunbeam regulates the toasting automatically, depending on the bread. You can take slices directly from the refrigerator and only the Sunbeam will toast them a little longer than if they were dry. If the slices are thin it toasts them quicker than thicker slices.

Moist or dry, cold or warm, thick or thin—you always get the same uniform golden toast you want—automatically. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Sunbeam Toaster for you.



Only Sunbeam
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**RADIANT
CONTROL**
The toasting is al-
ways the same no
matter what kind
of bread you use.

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WAFFLE BAKER

doubt my ability to underwrite this sum please telephone the Cleveland Trust Company and ask them whether this cheque for twenty million dollars will be honored."

They did. It was. And Trumbull's was Eaton's.

He merged Trumbull's with many other steel companies and in 1930 founded the Republic Steel Corporation, third biggest in the United States, an amalgamation boasting assets, enormous for those days, of three hundred and fifty million dollars.

Eaton then turned his attention to the rubber industry mushrooming in neighboring Akron and began to collect companies as if he were playing a game of Happy Families.

In the early Thirties he was at the apex of his might, a power behind the scenes of the United Power and Light Company, Republic Steel Corporation, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, B. F. Goodrich Company and the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. These were the giants in his grasp and for every one of them he controlled half a dozen lesser enterprises.

By now he was an aloof figure, like his mentor Rockefeller reclusive and suspicious. He was notorious for side-tracking newspapermen with polite but adroit evasions. His main recreation was riding to foxhounds and he had a fine stable of hunters. Once some reporters gathered outside his home were amazed to see him trotting up to them with evident pleasure. When he learned they were from the daily papers little dabs of angry crimson suffused his pink cheeks and he galloped away. Eaton had been under the impression they were all from a horsey magazine.

Throughout the delicate merger negotiations he had found time to meet that crafty and later discredited Genghis Khan of Chicago share pushers, Samuel Insull, in personal combat.

One Hundred Million Shrinkage

Eaton began to buy stock in Insull companies. Fearing he was after control Insull began to buy in competition. From 1926 to 1929 the two bid against each other furiously. The battle enervated Insull's companies which he drained of funds to buy stock at artificially high prices. Around 1929 Eaton gave up buying Insull stock and Insull associates quickly bought back all he had purchased. Somewhere along the line Eaton was reported to have made a profit of nineteen millions. Soon after the stock-market crash of Oct. 1929 Insull fled to Greece leaving behind thousands of investors whose investments he had dissipated.

It was in 1930 that Eaton himself began to feel the shock of attack. He was the largest stockholder in Youngstown Sheet and Tube which was on the point of merger with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Eaton considered the terms of the merger unfair to Sheet and Tube. Arrayed against him were James A. Campbell, chairman of Sheet and Tube, Eugene Grace, president of Bethlehem, and Charles M. Schwab, the steel king.

Both sides threw millions of dollars into the race for control of Sheet and Tube and into a legal argument which dragged on for two years in the courts. Eaton lost the fight for control of the stock but defeated the merger scheme. His partial victory turned to ashes as, one by one, the companies in which he was interested were being forced into receivership by the depression. His personal investments were immense and the popular estimate of his total losses was one hundred million dollars.

Today, with characteristic understatement, he says: "My affairs

underwent a considerable shrinkage. But I did not lose everything." Intimates say he was on his back. If this were true then he sprang upright again with the resilience of an acrobat on a trampoline.

Eaton laid much of the blame for the depression at the feet of Wall Street banking houses and, as chairman of Otis and Company, went after the business of half a dozen of them. In 1938 he succeeded in wresting thirty million dollars' worth of Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company financing from Morgan Stanley and Company and Kuhn Loeb and Company, traditional bankers for most U. S. railroads. He did this by the simple procedure of offering to pay one and a half million dollars more than the price the Wall Street bankers insisted that the bonds were worth.

This was the first of a series of similar moves and it resulted in the U. S. Inter-State Commerce Commission enforcing competition among bankers in all major railroad financing.

Eaton's clear mind and lucid tongue were at their best in 1942 when the American steel industry first realized that its supposedly limitless resources of iron ore in the Mesabi range of Minnesota were drying up. Rockefeller had been the first to detect the value of Mesabi iron. Now Eaton was the first to look to Canada for new supplies. He raised twenty million dollars from government and private sources in the U. S. and Canada to probe the highly speculative iron-ore bodies at Steep Rock.

The ore lay at the bottom of a lake fifteen miles long, four miles wide, forty feet deep. Some engineers shook their heads when Eaton's men began to bore a tunnel upward from a lower level in a valley through two thousand feet of solid rock to puncture the bottom of the lake. The tunnel cost between three and four hundred thousand dollars and the pessimistic experts said it would get clogged with rocks and hold the water in just as surely as the lake bed.

When the tunnelers were within twenty feet of the lake bed they planted dynamite, set time fuses, and ran. Eaton says he suffered one of the most tense periods of his life while waiting for the explosion.

Soon there was a deep subterranean rumble. Then, from the tunnel's outlet away down the valley, hundreds of spectators saw a plume of smoke puffed into the air. A second later huge boulders were shot out like balls from a cannon. They were followed by a rampaging flood of water which hurled debris in all directions. The water kept on gushing. The lake was being steadily drained. And Eaton was seen to raise his right hand in an ecclesiastical gesture of joy and blessing.

Many thought Eaton was dragging his feet in the Labrador-Quebec area when Jules Timmins, the Montreal mining millionaire, united the Hollinger Gold Mines, of Ontario, and Hanna Steel Corporation, of Cleveland, in a two-hundred-million-dollar railroad venture to tap vast iron resources at Burnt Creek, three hundred and sixty miles north of Seven Islands on the St. Lawrence.

But, in fact, Eaton prospectors had been working for two years south of the Timmins claims without success. Early this year Eaton reported important finds three hundred miles north of the Timmins iron, on the tip of the Ungava Peninsula. It is not such high-grade ore as Timmins' but it is near a natural harbor and can be removed directly by vessels. Eaton says the logical market for this ore will be England and Western Europe and shipments will be dependent on a solution to the dollar problem. There



"There's a good chance Marvin will come up with something interesting to talk about in a minute or two."

are many other technical snags to be ironed out. But he believes "this easily mined ore will form the basis of an important new industry in northern Quebec."

The Portsmouth Steel Corporation has a suite of offices on the twenty-fifth floor of the Terminal Towers Building, Cleveland. All the rooms are heavily carpeted and expensively upholstered in leather save one—Eaton's personal office. It is furnished with hardwood chairs of simple early American style. From his window Eaton can see the big ore-ships coming in over Lake Erie from Port Arthur and Fort William on Lake Superior where they load Steep Rock ore for the Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company. It is a sight of which he never tires.

For nearly thirty years Eaton has lived in Acacia Farm, a simple white-clapboard house nineteen miles outside Cleveland. Since 1934 when he was divorced from his wife after twenty-seven years of marriage he has lived there alone with an English butler and three serving women. The house, which is nearly two hundred years old, is furnished expensively and contains many fine antiques, but there is a restraint about its décor which proclaims Eaton's quiet taste.

Surrounding the house is an eight-hundred-acre estate of rolling pasture and woodland on which he raises two hundred head of Shorthorn beef cattle all sired by bulls imported from Scotland at prices ranging from twelve thousand to thirty thousand dollars. He keeps a stable of half a dozen hunters, a frisky thoroughbred and a Shetland pony for his grandchildren. Two enormous dogs, Brutus, a Great Dane, and Cato, a St. Bernard, lollop at his heels as he takes his daily long walks over the fields.

Although he became an American citizen in 1913 he has never lost his Canadian roots. His summer home is Deep Cove, a stout oaken house on a three-thousand-acre spit of land which juts out into the exhilarating breeze-driven spume of Mahone Bay, near Chester, N.S. Here Eaton keeps another fifty head of Shorthorns, a couple of racing yachts and a big motor cruiser for deep-sea fishing.

He neither smokes nor drinks and, probably for these reasons, is still able to swim, ski, ride and walk like a thirty-year-old. Until recently he played a hard and cunning game of tennis.

Eaton despises what he calls "the

enervating custom" of taking a winter holiday in Florida and each Christmas goes to Lac Beauport, Que., for winter sports. But all the year round he hankers for his annual six weeks amid the sea and pine at Deep Cove.

He has seven children—five daughters and two sons. His elder son, Cyrus Eaton, Jr., a veteran bomber pilot of the U. S. Air Force, who was shot down during the war and spent two years in a POW camp, is one of his business associates. His younger son, McPherson, lives modestly near his father's summer home all year round. McPherson doesn't like financial life. Last year Earl Mitchell, a taxi driver out of Chester, noticed McPherson was driving a truck. "Golly," he said, "I wouldn't work like that if my Dad had millions of dollars." Said McPherson Eaton: "You'd darn well have to if your Dad didn't hand them out to you."

Eaton once said he was "horrified at the evidence piling up at an alarming rate that our young people seem to feel that the world owes them a living." He blames parents, especially the well-to-do, for giving their children too much.

Every summer Eaton invites all his grandchildren who can walk—there were ten last year—to Deep Cove. The parents are not invited. Here, for six weeks, he gives the youngsters a sort of holiday course designed to show how much fun work can be. Each child is made responsible for the care of a Shorthorn heifer and a share in household chores. One year they were given the job of clearing a road of rocks. Eaton was delighted last year when they turned away from the fine sailing boats available to them and spent days snagging drift logs to make themselves a crude Huck Finn raft. "Much more fun than ready-made boats," he said.

His private assistance to needy Nova Scotians has been generous. Percy Black, Conservative MP for Cumberland County, which contains Pugwash, says: "He has given away thousands nobody will ever know about. But really he dislikes charity. He's like Rockefeller was. He prefers to give money which can be used for social and economic improvements."

Eaton has given two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to McMaster University and twenty-five thousand dollars to Acadia University, at Wolfville, N.S. He has also spent two hundred thousand on improvements to

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Sunbeam

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MIXMASTER

Grand Gift
for Mother
MAY 10

gives you all these advantages



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New patented governor-controlled POWERFUL motor. The beaters never vary the mixing speed for which they are set whether the batter thickens-up or thins-out. You get EVEN mixing at all times.

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AUTOMATIC BEATER-EJECTOR

Tilt the handle—out drop Bowl-fit beaters individually, for easier cleaning. No pulling. No messy fingers.

See how all the batter is carried into and through the new large BOWL-FIT BEATERS—how their surfaces conform to the contours of the bowl. No piling up of dry ingredients on the outer edges. No unmixed whirlpools. No bypassed pockets. All the batter gets a thorough, even mixing in LESS TIME—automatically. You get these exclusive Bowl-Fit beaters only in the new Model 10 Automatic Sunbeam Mixmaster. See your dealer.

AUTOMATIC BOWL-SPEED CONTROL

With the new Mixmaster, bowl speed is automatically controlled by a nylon button on the end of the outside beater. This button turns the bowl automatically for EVEN, uniform mixing.

**LIGHTER...HIGHER...
FINER TEXTURED CAKES!**
More even mixing and greater aeration
with these new, exclusive
BOWL-FIT BEATERS!



The larger outside BOWL-FIT beater is curved to fit the contour of the bowl all the way to the bottom. The larger inside BOWL-FIT beater is shaped to cover the flat bottom surface all the way to the center.

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WAFFLE BAKER



An occasion for celebrating!

Anniversary Ale was brewed especially for occasions like this. The *lightest* and *smoothest* of all ales, it leaves no regrets. Yet Anniversary contains all the traditional Labatt's* body and character to brighten an already glad occasion. Fortunately there's no need

for you to wait until you make a parachute jump to celebrate with Anniversary Ale. The combination of a thirst and a bottle, or better still several thirsts and a case, of *lighter, smoother* Anniversary Ale is an occasion in itself. John Labatt Limited.

***The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's**

his native Pugwash. There is a saying in Pugwash: "The two most famous men in Nova Scotia are Santa Claus and Cyrus Eaton."

Eaton, who is described by R. J. Rankin, managing editor of the Halifax Chronicle-Herald, "as a great Nova Scotian," once said he would "never rest until every house in the province had a bathroom and a telephone."

His latest idea for speeding up this millenium is to turn Nova Scotia into a huge beef-cattle ranch. "It is perfect country," he says, "for raising pedigree Shorthorns, cool and bracing, just like Scotland. Pedigree stock can be sold across the border in New England without tariff hindrance. Thus Nova Scotia could get back a natural market."

Eaton has spent a fortune trying to make this pipe dream a reality. Every year either he or his son Cyrus travels to Scotland to buy prize beasts. W. W. Baird, recently retired director of the Dominion Government Experimental Farm at Nappan, N.S., says: "The Eaton herds are the finest Shorthorns on this continent."

Contemporaries who don't know Eaton intimately think he is a psalm-singing Calvinist. But the years have mellowed his stiff-backed Rockefellerian rectitude into an agreeable tolerance.

"I don't need tobacco and alcohol," he says, "but I know many get genuine enjoyment and relaxation out of them."

His preoccupation with classical literature has always been the wonder of the business world. At meals he tries to get his guests into erudite discussions with such provocative opening gambits as "I'm more of a Greek than a Roman, you know."

One of his three sons-in-law, Lyman Butterfield, director of the Museum of Early American History, at Williamsburg, Va., had not known Eaton long



MACLEAN'S

when he met him at a railroad station. He expected his new father-in-law to arrive with pockets full of stock-market reports. To his amazement Eaton descended from the train carrying a volume of psychological tragedies in the Greek manner by the seventeenth-century French poet Jean Baptiste Racine.

Another son-in-law, Dr. Fay A. LeFevre, is a specialist at the world-famous Cleveland Clinic, and the third, David Hume, is a commander in the U. S. Navy.

Eaton is accompanied almost everywhere by his personal assistant Miss Elizabeth Royon. She is one of that new species of highly paid women known as executaries. A bespectacled, intellectual but light-hearted woman she says: "I spent five years getting a master's degree at Smith College, but I learned more from Mr. Eaton in six months."

Professorial delegates from all over the world gathered at Eaton's summer home in 1949 for the first annual meeting of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth to be held outside the U. K. Eaton says it was one of the happiest occasions he can remember. His grandchildren did him credit. When the thirty-odd



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IN A CLASS OF ITS OWN

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited

SALES AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST

scholars went on a picnic the kids did all the cooking and waiting.

Eaton is a virile pamphleteer on the subject of finance and his works have been published in authoritative organs like the University of Chicago Law Review, Financial World and Commercial and Financial Chronicle.

He slams fiercely at capitalists for an unrealistic attitude toward trade unions.

"The classical example," he wrote recently, "of managerial folly is found in one especially vain and strutting corporation head who wasted twenty millions of his stockholders' money in a futile fight against union recognition. Having spearheaded the attack on labor he expected his fellow industrialists to reward his company with more business. But he found they placed their orders with other concerns whose more dependable labor relations assured better delivery."

Eaton went on to describe how this man failed to keep his promise to retire, paid himself a fancy salary while giving stockholders little return on their money, and concluded: "The only tangible result of his whole performance has been an occasional word of praise from Westbrook Pegler."

Eaton himself deals sympathetically with unions, "to protect my own position as a capitalist."

He hammers away at the fear of private banking houses to underwrite daring ventures and claims that their default is compelling governments to take over their role and thus bringing about the suffocation of free enterprise by bureaucracy.

Although he is convinced Canada has an unlimited future he has written: "Canada is held back by the excessive caution of her banks, railroads and utilities. Now is the time for her big institutions to abandon the penurious and unprogressive policies of a contracting economy and embark on the bold and courageous course of expansion."

Eaton has never deviated from Rockefeller's code of religious fidelity and hard work. Of late years the seventeenth-century philosopher Spinoza has influenced his thinking. Spinoza had a profound sympathy for human hungers and failings but he remained an austere realist. He believed that God is identical with the universe and that the structure of human society should be built on the sure foundation of man's organism. All actions, he said, were predetermined to fit a superior purpose—hence Eaton's slogan "No regrets; no fears."

Eaton hands out to all his staff a small booklet by Henry James, one-time president of the American Philosophical Association, and in it these lines, he says, sum up his own beliefs about work:

The fatigue gets worse up to a certain point when gradually or suddenly it passes away and we are fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a level of new energy masked until then by the fatigue obstacle usually obeyed. There may be layer after layer of this experience. A third and fourth "wind" may supervene. Mental activity shows the phenomenon as well as physical and in exceptional cases we may find, beyond the very extremity of fatigue distress, amounts of ease and power that we never dreamed ourselves to own...

Like Rockefeller, who lived to be almost a hundred, Eaton has frequently tapped these deep and hidden reservoirs of strength. That is why he is able, at sixty-nine, to embark with the confidence of a young man on development programs in the far and forbidding Canadian north. ★

So Welcome FOR ANY Gift Occasion!



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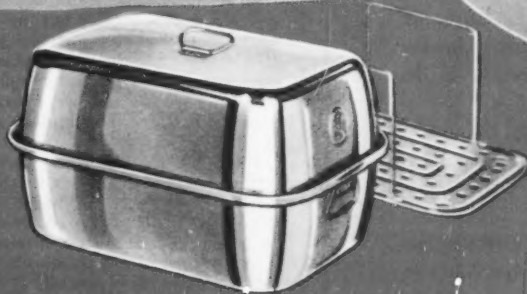
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Students may be selected to attend Royal Military College, Royal Roads, Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean or designated universities.

Under the R.O.T.P. students receive generous financial assistance from the government throughout their academic careers.

Students who take advantage of this plan are required after graduation to spend the minimum of three years as commissioned officers in the service of their choice.

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Students must have obtained Senior Matriculation or equivalent and be accepted for entry to university (Junior Matriculation for entrance to Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean).

Applicants must:

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- Be physically fit.
- Be able to meet officer selection standards.
- Have reached their 16th but not their 21st birthday on January 1st, 1953. (16th but not 20th for Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean).

FINANCIAL CONDITIONS

The Department of National Defence will pay for the cost of books, instruments, tuition and other necessary fees. During the entire college course, food and lodging or a subsistence allowance will be provided. Under the plan students will receive \$30.00 a month for the first academic term and will be required to save from summer earnings to pay for incidentals during the second and subsequent years.

During summer training periods they may earn up to \$680.00 with food and lodging provided.

They will also receive free medical and dental care, annual leave, plus uniforms and equipment required for military duty.

Applications for admission should be made before July 1st, 1953.

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Please check preferred service:

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TRAIN TO SERVE AS AN OFFICER IN CANADA'S ARMED FORCES

The First Taste of Queenship

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

at the last moment Vancouver switched to lamb and Pennington was tempted to change it all again. (He had already had everything reprinted once because of the postponement.)

Pennington received very little information from Ottawa and had to depend on the Princess' secretary, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Martin Charteris, who came through some weeks earlier on a scouting trip. From Charteris, Pennington learned that neither Philip nor Elizabeth smoked in public. Well, then, how would the luncheon guests know when they could smoke? Philip would produce a cigarette case and wave it and that would be the signal, Charteris said. He also told Pennington that the Princess was abstemious about alcohol but liked champagne and Pennington dutifully put champagne on the menu. And she was fond of orange juice. Accordingly, an entire jug of freshly squeezed juice was placed carefully in the Empress Hotel suite which she occupied for twenty minutes in Victoria. There is no record that she drank any of it.

The flying of the Princess' personal standard presented a further headache. Wherever she went it was supposed to fly. But up until two months before she arrived there wasn't a copy of the flag in Canada. Pennington finally got six copies made, but he realized even these wouldn't be enough. He therefore had to draw up a plan whereby, as soon as the royal couple moved from one spot to another, a naval team would pull down the standard and rush it ahead to a new point. There were so many items to deal with: perhaps the Princess would go sailing at the Yacht Club. Then a royal pennant would be needed. Slickers must be arranged for at certain points in case of rain. (But Elizabeth, who also thinks of things in advance, produced one of her own in a becoming blue.)

As the crucial day drew closer Pennington decided on a series of rehearsals. Almost everybody who had

anything to do with the tour attended these, including Premier Byron Johnson himself. Pennington still shudders a little when he thinks of what might have happened if the ceremonies had been left to chance. During the first tryout, when the pseudo royal car drove up to the Legislative Buildings, he discovered to his horror that the door wouldn't open: it was catching on the stone of the first step. On the day itself the road was carefully chalked to show the exact point at which the front right wheel was to come to rest.

Then there was Premier Johnson's injured leg. (He had been in a motor accident.) Pennington discovered that Elizabeth has a reputation for walking past honor guards at an express-train clip. The word must be passed along to her to slow down or she would leave the Premier far behind.

On the day before the royal couple's tour of Victoria a casual observer might have noticed a curious drama being enacted in the Legislative Buildings. A royal reception was taking place, attended by everybody from Premier down to flower girl. All the people who were to be presented the following afternoon were solemnly going through the entire business in advance. Everybody was on hand except the principals and standing in for them, gravely accepting the bows and curtsies of Victoria society, were Captain and Mrs. Pennington.

On the following morning, with the rain beating down outside his window, a harassed Captain Pennington reached his office well before 7.30. From then until 9.30 the phone never stopped ringing and the switchboard clocked a hundred and fifteen calls into his office. Someone had lost his pass; what should he do? Someone had forgotten the time of the reception; where should she go? Most of the calls, Pennington noted drily, were from women: What should they wear? What colors were best? How far should their frock be from the ground? One man phoned to say his wife was four months pregnant and insisted on being presented in a Persian lamb coat; if she couldn't wear a Persian lamb coat over her dress then she simply wasn't going to go; well—could she wear a Persian lamb coat?

Continued on page 54



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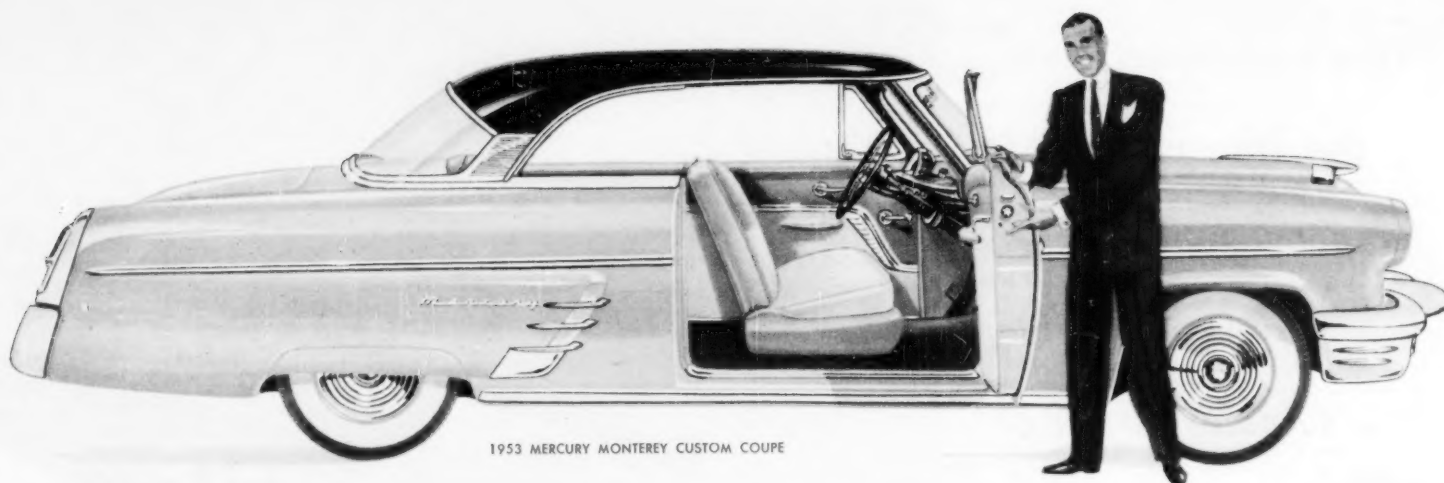
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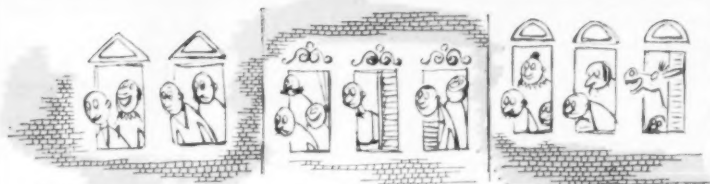
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Was Their Face Red!

By PAUL STEINER

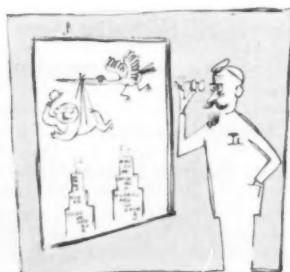
In Wetaskiwin, Alta., the board of trade explained why the city was short on publicity during fire-prevention week — all the literature had burned up in a warehouse fire.

When a Windsor, Ont., policeman testified in court that a slot machine seized in a gambling-house raid never paid off, he put in a coin to demonstrate — and hit the jackpot.

A man in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., awoke from a dream that his restaurant was being robbed. It was.



Carl Page told police he never budged in his sleep when a burglar entered his Vancouver hotel room and removed one hundred and twelve dollars from his pants' pocket. He was wearing the pants at the time.



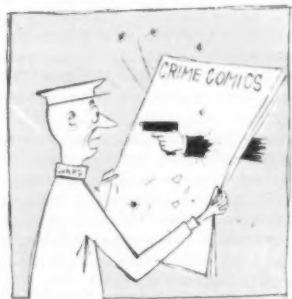
Department-store executives in Halifax discovered they had advertised a special lot of four-hundred-day clocks as "covered by our one-year guarantee."

While a doctor was listening to a lecture on the pros and cons of unassisted childbirth, he received word that a patient of his had had a baby boy — unassisted.

Scheduled to talk on New Brunswick Weather in Saint John last winter a meteorologist had to call off his lecture when unexpected snow blocked all highways.

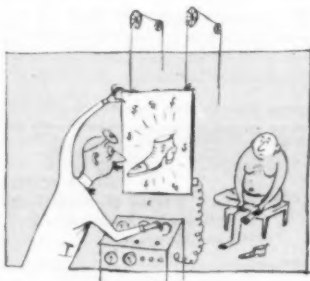
After waiting patiently for six years for a neighbor to pay up a fifty-cent debt an Orangeville, Ont., man went over to the neighbor's farm, asked for the money, got into an argument which culminated in a fist fight, was charged with assault and received a hundred-dollar fine.

A night watchman in Montreal told police how three robbers had been able to take him by surprise. He had been in deep concentration reading a crime magazine.



Members of the No. 7 Central Hamilton branch of the Canadian Legion discovered too late that the invitations for its children's party they had sent out included this provision: Members with no children are invited to bring two grandchildren.

A Halifax man called on a chiropodist complaining of bad corns. The doctor found two thousand dollars cached in the sole of the man's boots.



DRAWINGS BY FEYER

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the Queen's beasts

Visitors to the Coronation this year will have a chance to see the Queen's beasts. They will form a line of sculptured animals, sitting upright, six feet in height, in the Annex of Westminster Abbey. Here they are:

The Lion of England, the Unicorn of Scotland, the Falcon of the Plantagenets, the Griffin of Edward III, the Bull of Clarence, the White Lion of Mortimer, the Greyhound and the Dragon of the Tudors, the Yale of the Beauforts and the White Horse of Hanover.

The study of Heraldry is an ancient art and a fascinating one. For example, we learned from an expert that a Yale hasn't anything to do with a university, or the boys that play the "Princetons" and the "Harvards". A Yale, or Jall, or Eale is a fabulous creature with horns and tusks. It's white with yellow spots and used to support the arms of the Lady Margaret Beaufort, who was the mother of Henry VII. And we'd rather see than be one.

Another ancient art is brewing. It's ancient right here in Canada, where the ale that's preferred over any other brand has been brewed by one family on the same site continuously since 1786. For that's the date when Canadians first began using the amiable phrase: "Make Mine Molson's". And you don't have to travel to the Coronation to find the interesting evidence.



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Because of the shortage
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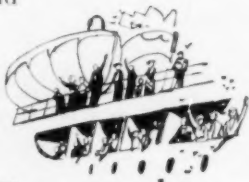
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Continued from page 50

Pennington rolled his eyes heavenward in supplication. No wonder he was as relieved as the Princess when this grey, wet, complicated day finally drew to its close.

Elizabeth, resting in her rooms at the Lieutenant-Governor's home and listening to the British election news on the radio, could have only a small inkling of all this backstage clamor. Royalty arrives on the scene always at the last perfect moment to find the clockwork running smoothly, the gears carefully concealed behind the sheltering curtain of the flag. Yet she, more than most royal scions, is aware that there are gears at work. In the Auxiliary Territorial Service where she trained in wartime motor vehicle work she got a fleeting glimpse at the complicated mechanism of the royal machine. One day she found herself caught up in a frantic polishing and shining bee and when she asked the reason was told that the King and Queen were coming the following day. Only then did it occur to her for the first time that all royal movements are attended by this inevitable hubbub.

There were variations on this theme all over Canada during the five weeks of the tour. In Vancouver, one newspaper held its own royal rehearsal three days in advance, complete with limousines. Reporters and photographers covered this mock pageant as if it were the real thing. In Calgary, cowboys stayed up all night before the royal train arrived, shoveling away at the frozen earth in the rodeo ring trying to soften it a little for the bronco riders in the special stampede arranged for the royal couple. The Prince Arthur Hotel in Port Arthur, where the royal party rested overnight, spent ten thousand dollars renovating one suite. Modern furniture, Limoges china, a special chef and even an elevator operator were all flown in, and the window to the suite, which faces the railway station, was raised three feet to keep out the gaze of the curious. In Kapuskasing a chef kept making tea every fifteen minutes between the hours of 7 and 9.30 a.m. so that whenever the royal couple awoke it could be sent fresh to their room. In Halifax elaborate plans were laid to keep Elizabeth out of the well-baby clinic when she inspected the naval centre there for fear it might give cause to rumors that she was pregnant. And in HMCS Ontario, which bore her to Newfoundland, the crew was issued with rubber sneakers to cut down the noise of running feet on steel-plated decks.

Elizabeth was not aware until well along in the tour that the cars she rode in were not the same in each city. Actually it took one hundred and forty-four limousines—Cadillacs, Lincolns and Chryslers—to see the tour through. They were spotted in sets of twelve in each of the twelve major cities. It would have been impractical and impossible to move cars from one city to another. The plastic top presented a difficult problem. At the outset there was only one and it was made to fit a Cadillac. In the end two more were made to fit a Lincoln and a Chrysler. The top took a minimum of eight minutes to adjust, which meant that as soon as the royal train came to a stop a decision had to be made on the basis of the local weather whether it would be needed. Then Elizabeth and Philip had to step off the train and delay proceedings for eight minutes while army mechanics struggled with the plastic top. By the end of the tour the royal couple grew fairly adept at these delaying tactics.

Probably the most elaborate preparations of all were those made at



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Eaglecrest, the private lodge on Vancouver Island where Elizabeth and Philip spent a three-day holiday. E. L. Boulton and F. C. Sweet, Vancouver real-estate men and owners of the lodge, were simply called one day from Victoria and asked if they would entertain the royal couple during their holiday. They naturally said they would. From then on they received no instructions and were completely on their own. No expense was spared to prepare a lavish welcome. Flowers were imported from Seattle to garnish the royal suite. Orchids were chosen to match the exact shade of blond oak in the royal dressing table. Lilies of the valley scented the royal bathroom, where the toilet and facial tissues were powder blue. Chartreuse chrysanthemums, mingled with green grapes, decked the royal table. New radios were placed in every room and sterling silver lighters and cigarette cases were purchased for the royal household. But the gadget that delighted the royal couple most was a three-dimensional viewer with eighty sets of colored photos of Canada.

The royal entourage was preceded by sixty-five members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police whose job it was to search Eaglecrest for hidden bombs and other infernal machines. This laudable security measure was frustrated at the last moment when the lodge was alerted that Philip and Elizabeth would be arriving half a day early. The Mounties were put to work moving furniture and when the familiar procession of black limousines pulled up in front of Eaglecrest (along with

three tons of baggage) everything was ready, though the staff and police were all panting slightly.

Both Elizabeth and Philip, who had quite obviously been fatigued by the tour, recovered swiftly in these sylvan surroundings. Far from resting quietly they seemed eager for strenuous exertion. They went hunting in the grounds where Philip flushed—but missed—a pheasant. They asked to go riding and horses were brought, but by this time they had decided to go fishing. It was late October and every boat on the coast was beached for the winter. Boulton, however, volunteered his Nor-Craft and in this cockleshell the three of them and two aides ventured into the storm-tossed waters.

The spectacle of the heiress to the British throne and her husband adrift in a tiny single-engined boat in strange waters and heavy seas, with a gale blowing up, drove the security officers to a near frenzy. Officials raced up and down the coastline frantically but vainly trying to commandeer other craft as rescue ships. Finally they stood in a forlorn knot on the beach, waiting for the worst. Nothing happened. The wind died, the sun appeared and the party landed eight grise.

Philip and Elizabeth returned to the big log lodge, played some Bing Crosby and square-dance records, looked at a cowboy movie and filled in the time pasting clippings about the tour into a scrapbook. Meanwhile a Canoe aircraft was flying the six silver police motorcycles to Vancouver so that the next leg of the tour might commence.

The royal entourage, complete with plexiglass tops, moved swiftly back across the prairies. The worst day of the tour, as far as the principals were concerned, came on Monday, October 29. This day started at 9 a.m. in Port Arthur and ended at 11 p.m. in Montreal, and there were times when both Philip and Elizabeth felt they couldn't get through it. First there was a tour through Port Arthur complete with guard-of-honor inspection, bouquet presentation, drive through city, address of welcome and tour through a grain elevator. Next came a similar tour in neighboring Fort William. The royal couple then flew to North Bay for a third city tour, with its accompanying handshakings. At 4.30 p.m. they arrived at Montreal for another round of presentations, a ninety-minute drive through the city, and a hockey game to cap it all. The next day was also hard going. They drove seventy-eight miles from 10 a.m. to 5.15 through dense crowds, attended an official luncheon and banquet and shook four hundred and seventy-seven more hands. For most of this time the waving, blurred sea of faces was never out of their gaze. Photographers and dignitaries driving with them had to close their eyes to stave off dizziness, but the two royal people in the leading car

THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE • PART FIVE

In the next installment of his exclusive story, Pierre Berton follows Elizabeth II through the maze of desk detail, the few hours of fun with her children, the state appearances, the solemn meals in the great gilded palace that normally go to make up

THE QUEEN'S DAY



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"Frankly, when you talked about taking up a hobby, I thought you were going to collect stamps."

had to keep smiling and waving cheerfully.

There was a brief interlude in Washington, D.C., which delighted and puzzled Elizabeth. The press reception at the Statler Hotel was something she had never encountered before. Here, in a great ballroom jammed with reporters, radio, television and film men she found herself paraded about almost like a champion dog at a show. The U. S. photographers called her "Princess" and occasionally "Liz," shouted "Hey!" at her, got her to pose with the bandleader, asked her to "hold it for just one more," told her to stand still, walk about, move closer and smile, smile, smile. She took it all in good part. This was the only occasion during the entire five weeks in which she found there was someone else to look to to make all the decisions. From the moment when Harry Truman put a fatherly arm around her she seemed to relax.

Back in Canada there was a second holiday in the Laurentians and then the tour moved to the Maritimes. By now Elizabeth seemed completely at home in Canada. In the home of Angus Macdonald, the Premier of Nova Scotia, she sat on the edge of an armchair, dangled her legs cheerfully and drank tea. The crowds in Halifax didn't daunt her, though the press of people was so bad that the fenders of her limousine became pockmarked with little dimples where hands had pressed against it. At the end of one day they were returning to the train and as the broadcast was over the driver moved to switch off the radio. "No, no," said Philip, "there's some square-dance music. Leave it on and turn it up." And the two of them began to whistle and stamp their feet.

On Prince Edward Island a day later Elizabeth was presenting a cup for

marksmanship to an RCMP sergeant when it came apart in her hands. "Whoops!" cried the Princess cheerfully. She seemed a different person from the nervous white-faced girl who had stepped off the aircraft in Quebec more than a month before. In the Charlottetown Hotel, as they were entering the elevator to go down to the official dinner, Philip spotted a woman spectator peeking between the bowed legs of a Mountie. "Good Lord," he said stopping dead in his tracks, "a dwarf!" Elizabeth laughed so hard at this the elevator had to be held. At the dinner, Premier Walter Jones dropped his fork and nobody noticed it except the Princess who kept catching his eye with just the suggestion of a grin. "She was trying to get a rise out of me," Jones told his friends.

Elizabeth had arrived with only a vague idea about this oldest member of her Commonwealth. She was leaving with the dossier of the country sealed within the filing cabinets of her memory. She had learned some new words. (One that struck her particularly was "gadget.") She had eaten some new dishes. (She remarked on the New Brunswick fiddleheads: a special fern cooked and eaten like asparagus.) Some of the commercial radio programs intrigued her: she heard and laughed at part of the Charlie McCarthy show during the drive from Fort William to the Prince Arthur Hotel. Canadian liquor laws baffled her and she refused to use the word "premier" but called all provincial leaders "prime minister."

The press criticism about the "striped-pants curtain" of officialdom that surrounded her on much of the tour did not particularly disturb her. She remarked privately that as it was impossible to meet all the people it was proper to meet their elected representatives. Occasionally, however, she and her



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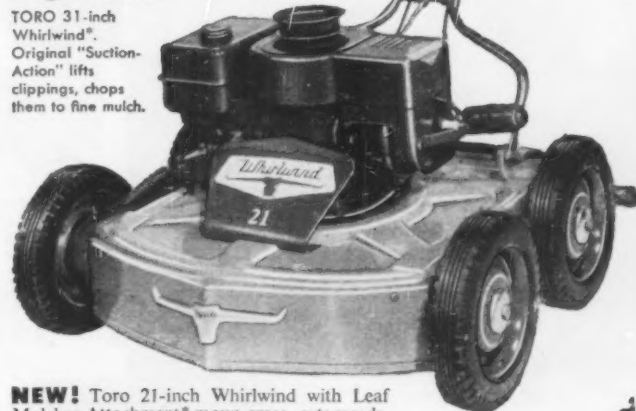


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husband were puzzled by some of the arrangements. The following conversation was overheard on the station platform at Halifax:

PHILIP: Well, what's on the program today?

CHARTERIS: We're going to an experimental farm.

PHILIP: Good. A day on a farm. We should see some nice stock.

CHARTERIS: (A little grimly.) You are going to see a bunch of Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and veterans.

PHILIP: What? At an experimental farm?

But the greatest surprise of all was the size of the country they crossed. After she returned home Elizabeth remarked on it again and again to friends: "You've no idea how big it is! It's simply impossible to understand until you've seen it. Really!"

Finally, the long tour came to an end; the last hand was shaken; the last illuminated scroll accepted; the last murmur of appreciation voiced. Elizabeth worked an entire week on her farewell speech with her secretary, for she wanted to make absolutely certain that it sounded sincere.

This done, her ninety-seven pieces of luggage were loaded on the ship as the royal party prepared to leave for England. Womanlike, Elizabeth stood on the dock and watched all the paraphernalia go aboard. One could almost see her counting each piece. When the last trunk had gone she gave an audible little sigh of relief. The tour was over. The job was done.

END OF PART FOUR

The Duck They Drool About

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

farm to preserve its site and protect the rural beauty from industrialization. They reorganized it and hoped to break even.

Meanwhile Morson had gone to England on a trip with his Canadian bride, who wanted to meet her in-laws. They were trapped there by the war. Morson served below decks in an RN destroyer, sucked his pipe and thought fondly of ducks and distastefully of water.

During the war the meat shortage helped sales and Brome Lake duck began to figure more widely on menus. But it wasn't until Morson returned in 1945 and was appointed manager that everybody began talking about them.

By then there were twelve million Imperial Pekins in North America, the vast majority selling under the name Long Island duck. Morson knew that if his own Imperial Pekins were to withstand such hot competition they would have to taste different—and better.

His employers say he has succeeded in bringing this about. Not a single salesman is employed and the farm staff at Brome Lake has never numbered more than twelve. Yet today the flesh of its ducks has been acclaimed not only across Canada but from London to Tokyo and from Buenos Aires to Brisbane.

The Pirates Move In

It was the airlines and shipping companies that spread the reputation of Brome Lake duck overseas. To identify themselves with the Canadian passenger business they made a feature of the duck on their menus. Incoming passengers, having eaten the duck aboard a plane or ship, began asking for it in Canadian restaurants. A chain reaction set in.

"People just seemed to like the meat," Foster says. "Before we knew where we were it was world-famous. But we still make very little money out of it. It's a terribly hazardous business."

The vacuum between supply and demand has been filled by restaurateurs who pirate the registered trademark. Lawyer Foster says ruefully: "If I prosecuted everybody who misrepresents duck as Brome Lake I'd never be out of court. Our attitude, however, is now stiffening and we are ready to sue in the more flagrant cases."

Brome Lake ducks might easily have been blanketed out by immensely greater numbers of Long Island ducks. Some big farms on Long Island produce two hundred and fifty thousand each a year, nearly twice as many as the two Brome Lake farms combined. Nor is the distinction of Brome Lake duck particularly obvious.

Sybarites of the table relish both birds because they are killed almost to the day when the flesh reaches the apex of its succulence. That is at the moment the last baby down is shed and the bird has developed a weight of between five and a half and six pounds. The earlier this phase can be achieved, the better, since the younger the bird the sweeter the meat. Whereas most other ducks reach this desirable condition in about twelve weeks the Imperial Pekin does it in nine.

Arguments between the relative merits of the Brome Lake and Long Island Imperial Pekins inevitably hinge on the question: should a duck swim? Long Island ducks swim in concrete basins through which fresh water is

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constantly flowing. A few Brome Lake ducks at Stouffville, as an experiment, are permitted to swim in pens sunk into a clean fast-running stream. But Morson is a confirmed dry-duck man.

"When they swim," he says, "they get oily. They generate natural oils to resist the water and this spoils the taste. Furthermore, Pekins don't care about swimming. They never did in China. Why should they here?"

During wet weather Morson's neighbors hail him with the cry "Nice weather for ducks!" Nothing could be farther from the truth. Ducks are miserable in rain. One reason why the Brome Lake duck is such good eating is the dry sandy nature of the soil on which it is bred.

Another reason is the purity of its Pekin blood. The huge farms on Long Island are a decoy for other ducks. The large numbers of birds kept and the element of freedom they enjoy while swimming makes control difficult. Over the years they have been crossed to some extent with other ducks.

The battle between Brome Lakers and Long Islanders is a David-and-Goliath affair but it never seems to upset Morson's English phlegm. From morning till night his eye is roving over thousands of ducks in various stages of growth. His home on the farm where he lives with his wife and two children is crammed with porcelain duck ornaments and the walls of all the buildings are hung with calendars illustrating every type of duck known to man. He says in his whimsical way: "My favorite movie star is Donald Duck."

At Brome Lake he keeps three breeding groups of a hundred birds each, and supervises them closely. They lay at different periods and ensure a year-round supply of eggs. Every night the eggs are collected, candled, graded and washed. Each Monday and Thursday between five hundred and fifteen hundred eggs are placed in incubators in the big brick hatchery. Each Monday and Thursday, exactly twenty-eight days later, between five hundred and fifteen hundred ducklings break through the shells. All the ducklings in each hatch remain together for the duration of their life—exactly nine weeks.

Just Like An Assembly Line

There are seven duckhouses, each extending for five hundred feet. In the cold months the ducklings move from pen to pen in weekly stages down these houses. The first two weeks are spent in nursery pens, the next five in growing pens, and the last two in fattening pens. Every week the temperature in which they live gets a little cooler.

From start to finish they have access twenty-four hours a day to pellet feed, which runs down from a hopper, and to fresh water in constant flow along a metal gutter. The floors are covered with clean pine shavings which are changed every day.

After nine weeks they waddle with slow solemnity, rather like an elderly choir, toward the slaughterhouse. Here they seem poignantly anxious to get inside and are admitted one at a time to be stuck and bled.

The downy feathers are removed by a machine, sucked up a pipe to a loft, and collected for sale to the makers of pillows, mattresses, quilts, lifebelts and women's hats. The pin feathers are plucked by hand. To ensure that no feather remains the duck is dipped in molten wax. When the wax sets it is broken apart and the yellow flesh is left quite bald. The ducks are then thrown into a vat of ice-cold water which chills them slowly. They are hung overnight in a refrigerator and next morning delivered to wholesalers in Montreal by truck.

"It's more like an assembly line than a farm," says Morson, "but it's not quite as simple as it looks."

It took several years of experiment to discover that best ratio of drakes to ducks is one to four. Fewer drakes mean more unfertilized eggs. More drakes mean overfertilized eggs which do not develop. Oddly enough, wild drakes of every breed are strictly monogamous. But any wild drake, if domesticated, becomes at once polygamous.

A week or so after the hatch all imperfect ducklings are weeded out and destroyed. "Some farms rear blind or

lame ducks," says Morson, "but not this one. Unless a duck is well formed it doesn't feed properly."

Ducks quack when they are nervous and since the Pekin is an exceptionally timid bird you would expect the Brome Lake farm to sound like a bargain basement on sales day. But there is rarely a sound. Morson has discovered that ducks don't like darkness, so he keeps soft lights burning in the duckhouses twenty-four hours a day. "Ducks are like people," he says philosophically. "The jittery ones rarely get fat."

When the ducks quack Morson knows a rat has got into the pens. He wages a constant war on rats with poison and traps.

In summer the ducks live in open-air pens laid out for progressive development in the same manner as the houses. Weasels, mink, coons, foxes and skunks prow round these open pens like enemy patrols, and owls, hawks and eagles hover overhead like enemy fighters, all looking for the chance to seize a Brome Lake duck dinner. When they get too close the ducks start quacking for Morson who charges out at all hours

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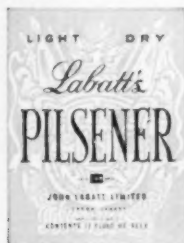
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Last year Morson shot an eagle with a five-foot wingspread and a great owl more than two feet tall which now stands stuffed in his office. In spite of these hazards and the added hazard of illness the pre-slaughter mortality rate is only eight percent.

One subject on which Morson is cagey is feed. He is forever experimenting with new mixes and keeps his formulas secret, although he admits that the hard dry pellets contain bran, alfalfa, soya meal, barley, oats, liver meal, beef scraps and fish meal.

In its brief span each duck eats twenty pounds of feed. The feed costs a dollar twenty-five per duck. Add to this electricity charges, maintenance of machinery, trucks and buildings, the wages of twelve men and packing and shipping costs and it is understandable why the Brome Lake farm's bank balance doesn't wax as fat as its poultry. Morson gets around two-forty per duck from the wholesalers. The ducks retail according to weight for between three and four dollars each.

With every duck Morson gives away a card of cooking advice. He suggests the duck be cooked in the oven from one and a half to two hours. After the first hour the fat should be drained off and a small cup of water added to the dish. His stuffing is a mixture of onions, bread crumbs, mashed potatoes, butter and sage.

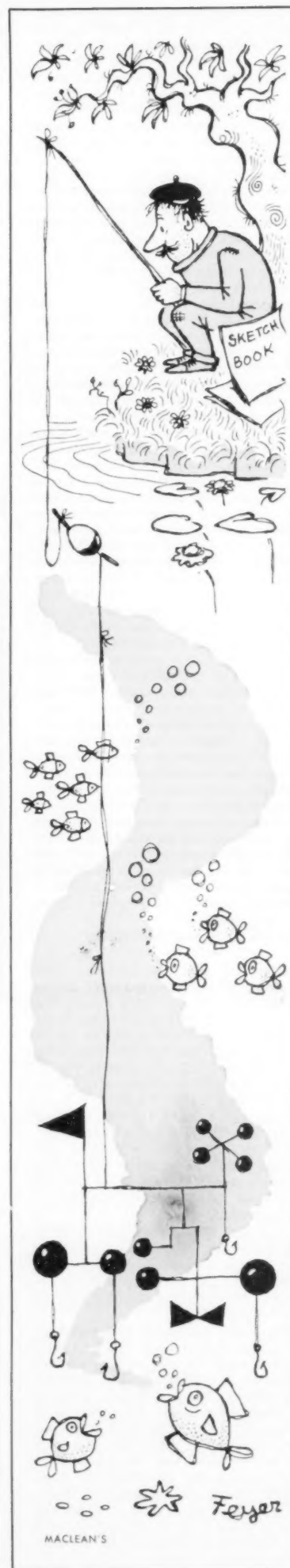
Mount Royal chef Lucien Barraud specializes in *salmis* of duckling. He cuts up the legs and breast of the duckling and braises them in a red wine sauce in a casserole dish. He thinks white turnips and olives are the best vegetables to serve with duckling. Barraud also likes to boil a duck and serve it cold with slices of oranges. "There is often an inch of flesh on the breast of the Brome Lake birds, wonderful for duck," he says.

Many French chefs fry the duck whole in a deep saucepan full of butter with parsley, thyme and a bay leaf for flavoring. The Danes roast duck with raw apples and prunes and serve it with red cabbage. The Japanese rub a duck with salt and let it stand for an hour. Then they cut it into neat joints and dip these in batter. They bake the joints slowly in an oiled dish and baste with cooking wine to which sweet seeds have been added.

The Chinese cook duck in a wide variety of ways and it is the base of many of their soups. A popular recipe is to rub the duck with honey and then grill it on a quick charcoal fire. As soon as the skin is crisp they remove it and keep it hot to one side. Then they stuff the duck with chopped almonds, water chestnuts and bamboo shoots. Over the skinless breast they rub a mixture of cooked ham, ginger, mushrooms and soya-bean sauce. Then they steam the duck for three hours. The hot skin is always served separately with gravy and little pancakes.

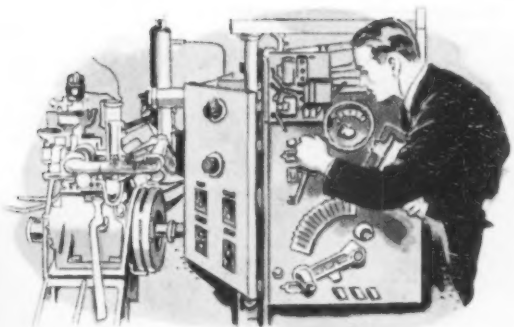
Many people think there is nothing to compare with wild duck shot during the fall. Brome Lake is full of these. Teals and mallards sneak in among Morson's Imperial Pekins and steal their feed. Some of the wild ducks have become tame and Morson keeps a small flock of them which waddle around with an old Imperial Pekin drake. When questioned about this odd little group Morson becomes mysterious and promptly changes the subject.

Some of his neighbors at Knowlton say he is secretly raising a new type of duck which will have that coveted wild flavor. If this is true then the day will come when Brome Lake duck is Brome Lake duck indeed, and not merely the trade name for a very delicious but wholly alien bird. ★





Good Measure

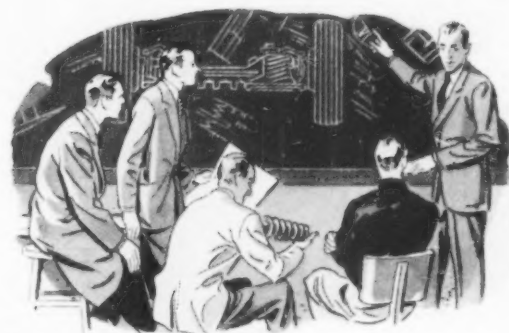


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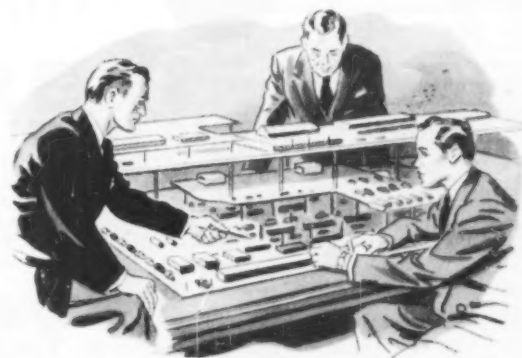
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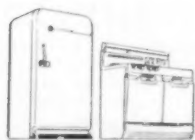
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Glucosamine: The Most Promising Key to Cancer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

optimism. It is also why the story of glucosamine, hedged around with every conceivable reservation, nevertheless becomes one of extreme interest and of great potential importance. In all its details, it goes far beyond what has

already been said—that it keeps mice alive two to five times longer than untreated mice with similar cancers.

In the first place, the very fact that glucosamine is a substance which occurs naturally in the human body means that it can be transferred from fundamental research with mice in a laboratory to clinical tests on cancer patients without most of the long and careful tests for harmful effects required before an "unnatural" drug or compound can be used on human patients. Already the simple preliminary calculations and checks are being made in two Montreal

hospitals with a view to trying out glucosamine on patients with cancer. These include the translation of the dosage of five milligrams or less used on mice into the appropriate dosage for human beings and the determination of possible side effects such as nausea or digestive upsets which might occur even though it is apparent that there were no harmful side effects on mice.

The effects of glucosamine on human beings will, naturally, be watched with keen interest by clinicians. But, strangely enough, it is other implications of glucosamine, still to be pursued

on the laboratory research level, that are regarded more optimistically by Quastel and Cantero.

It is possible that if glucosamine has the same effect on certain human cancers as it has shown in mice, it will extend the life of cancer patients far beyond the five-year period now considered as indicative of "successful treatment."

"But," Cantero emphasizes, "glucosamine does not cure cancer. Even though it shows a devastating effect on the growth, in every case enough of the malignant cells remained alive to cause the eventual death of the animal. We do not know, as a matter of fact, the maximum survival of a mouse with cancer under glucosamine treatment. Some of them were still alive at one hundred days, and they were killed then because we were not primarily interested in mere survival but in getting all the information we could on what glucosamine did to cancer growth."

Where Research May Lead

Quastel indicated the directions in which further research with glucosamine might lead: "It may be," he said, "that glucosamine, which destroys cancer not quite completely, falls a little short because it is only fairly good at this job. The chemist following up our work may find related substances which will do the job much better. Or something else might be found, quite unrelated to glucosamine, which used in conjunction with glucosamine heightens its effect."

"The biochemist following our new approach to the cancer problem will be able to tell us what goes on in the living cell when glucosamine enters the picture. For all we know he may find that our own theory of why glucosamine damages cancer—the theory which incidentally led us to try glucosamine on cancer in the first place—is entirely wrong; that glucosamine actually has quite a different method of bringing about damage to cancer cells. This would mean that we were right in trying glucosamine, but wrong in our reasons for trying it. And this would lead to a whole new series of investigations."

"The physiologist will be able to tell us more about the physical reactions inside an animal when glucosamine is used. It might even be found that one effect of glucosamine on cancer growth is to prevent the dispersal of colonies of malignant cells, the worst single characteristic of cancer. If that was the case, then we would have a situation that would be almost as good as a cure. Cancer could then be handled as a benign tumor."

"It may be that the radiologist might find something of interest in glucosamine's effect, that the injury to cancer cells may make them easier to treat by X-ray, radium and other forms of radiation." Quastel added that this alone would be a valuable contribution to cancer treatment, since cancer cells are only slightly more vulnerable to radiation than are surrounding healthy cells and anything that tipped the scales farther in favor of healthy tissue would be valuable.

Quastel's work on glucosamine started in 1949, not long after his career brought him to Canada from England. At the Montreal General Hospital Research Institute a young colleague, Robert Harpur, was working toward his PhD in biochemistry on a fellowship supplied by Canada Packers Ltd. While studying various biochemical aspects of brain tissue, Harpur and Quastel introduced glucosamine into one experiment.

"I had long been interested in the



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stuff," said Quastel, "because it is a cross between a sugar and an amino acid. It is fairly widely distributed in the animal world, but very little was known about its behavior in the body. It is known to be present in many compounds, for example, hyaluronic acid, one of the important chemical compounds of the body, and in streptomycin, one of the so-called wonder drugs."

Glucosamine was a hunch, the kind of hunch scientists play. But it is a strange coincidence that if science had thought to play a much wilder hunch—a horse-player's type of hunch—cancer and glucosamine might have been connected long ago. Something like two thousand years ago Roman physicians thought they detected a resemblance to a crab in the malignant tumors they found in patients. So they called the tumors by the Latin name for crab: cancer. And now, in the middle of the twentieth century, the crab is being used to attack cancer. For the richest source of glucosamine is the shell of crabs and other shellfish. At present produced only in "laboratory quantities," this extract of crab shell costs sixty-four dollars a pound. If and when glucosamine comes into wider use, Canada possesses vast supplies of raw material which now is used largely for fertilizer in the Maritimes. Quastel believes the price will come down to a point where it will not be a factor in the use of glucosamine.

Using this extract of shellfish, the senior and junior scientists made a simple finding which was soon to become of prime importance: that excessive glucosamine affected a substance called ATP in such a way that ATP became unable to do its normal job in the body, which is to prepare a food compound required by living cells.

Now it has been known that one of the small (but as it turns out, extremely significant) differences between normal cells and tumor cells is that normal cells get their energy from a variety of sources while the tumor cells, as Quastel puts it, "seem to put most of their eggs in one basket and depend for their nutrition largely on substances which are manufactured with the aid of ATP."

No, They Weren't Excited

This led Quastel to the crucial question: Would glucosamine have the same or any effect on tumor nutrition when used in the complex organism of a living animal? Would it divert ATP from its role of helping feed the tumor?

To aid in finding the answer, Quastel enlisted the collaboration of Cantero who, as research director of the Notre Dame Hospital Cancer Laboratory, was widely experienced in screening the effects of various substances on mouse cancers. The project thus became a collaboration between a French-Canadian and an English-Canadian institution.

In the first screening ten mice with cancer were daily injected with glucosamine; ten more, also with cancers, were left untreated as controls. But not even a day was required to show results. Two hours after the first injections some of the cancers bore visible signs of breakdown. Six to eight hours later further degeneration was seen by Cantero. In two to four days the tumors softened and hemorrhaged extensively. Finally there was general deterioration and liquefying of all the glucosamine-treated cancer tissues and cells, except a few isolated survivors.

A natural layman's question at this point is: "Weren't you excited?"

"No," said Cantero. "In the last few years, in research projects all over the world, more than five thousand substances have been tested for their

effect, if any, on cancer; such unlikely things as extract of sorrel leaves, war-time poison gases and anaesthetics. At least three hundred substances have been found to affect cancer growth—but unfortunately they are just about as hard on the rest of the animal. For all I knew this was just another one of those. You see, I didn't know what I was using . . ."

Quastel smiled. "I wasn't really holding out on my colleague," he said, "but as a precaution against even subconscious prejudice against my theory and the substance he was using

Cantero received it only under the code label 'G-2.' As a matter of fact I told him what it was only a couple of weeks ago."

But long before that Cantero realized it was not "just another one of those" with which he was dealing. New evidence appeared to support the almost complete disintegration of cancers in mice treated with glucosamine. This was in the form of liver catalase levels. Catalase is an enzyme with a function that is not fully understood. But one of its characteristics is valuable as a test for cancer, since the

amount of catalase in the liver is apparently greatly reduced when cancer is present anywhere in the body.

In the Quastel-Cantero mice, for example, liver catalase levels in healthy animals varied from 1 to 3 units. In untreated mice with cancer it ranged from .1 to .5. In glucosamine-treated cancerous mice it averaged 1.7 units after forty days, and 1.2 units after eighty-five days. When mice had their cancers removed at forty days their liver catalase levels rose to 1.8. In other words, as far as this particular test is concerned, the daily injection of



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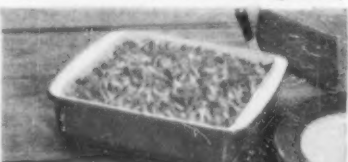
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glucosamine had approximately the same effect as the removal of the cancer.

But the most critical test was still to be made, the test which had dashed the hopes of many an investigator who had watched cancers shrivel after the injection of one hopeful substance or another: How had the rest of the animal fared? All too often the damage to delicate vital organs proved to be so devastating that the experiment was abandoned forthwith.

In the Quastel-Cantero laboratories mouse after mouse was dissected after it had been kept alive with glucosamine injections from seventy to one hundred days. Cantero's own notes on the findings state simply: "No abnormal effects are present in the liver, spleen, kidneys, suprarenal glands or the intestinal mucosa of the animals. Blood counts of both red and white cells of normal mice and tumor-bearing mice are unaffected by glucosamine administration."

That is the story of glucosamine. Rather, it is the first chapter of the story of glucosamine. But it only hints at the men behind it whose personalities have played an important part in their successful collaboration.

"If," Quastel says, "I had not been able to work with a collaborator as co-operative and as resourceful as Cantero the animal tests on glucosamine could never have been carried out. Glucosamine would still be something in a bottle on a laboratory shelf."

Quastel was born to poor parents in Sheffield, England, fifty-four years ago. He was rescued from a life of factory work by his habit of winning scholarships. "I worked my way through my entire education on scholarships," he says.

He served in the British Army for the last year and a half of World War I. A dedicated scientist even in his teens, Quastel nevertheless does not begrudge the eighteen months in uniform and mud. "On the contrary," he says, "it was very valuable. Perhaps war and army discipline make you think for yourself, make you philosophical about

hard knocks and disappointments. Certainly I have noticed since that veterans are among the best science students."

On demobilization Quastel took up yet another scholarship and entered the Imperial College of Science in London. In 1921 he became a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and spent eight years doing research in the biochemistry of micro-organisms. He became one of the youngest men ever to win a Fellowship of the Royal Society, and he also was awarded the coveted Meldola Medal, awarded to the scientist in the British Isles under the age of thirty who has contributed most to science during the year. "It was some work on the biochemistry of bacteria," he recalls.

It was during this period that Quastel worked out what he calls the theory of "competitive inhibition." This theory is not easy to translate into layman's language, but in general it holds that a living cell may be deprived of nutrition if a valueless substance is substituted for a needed substance, provided the substitute is sufficiently like the original to deceive the cell. The same effect can be achieved if the valueless substance reacts with the desired substance to form a totally different compound and thus deprives the cell of a necessary nutrient.

Through all his professional career, involving countless projects in fundamental research, Quastel has kept his principle of competitive inhibition in mind, and tested its feasibility whenever possible. It provides, for example, the link between 2-4-D, a selective inhibitor of plants, and glucosamine, a selective inhibitor of cancer.

From 1929 to 1941 Quastel directed research at Cardiff City Hospital, and early in the critical period of World War II he was enlisted by the British government to become one of the nation's top "survival scientists." He directed the Agricultural Research Council's unit on soil research, charged with finding ways of speeding up Britain's self-sufficiency in foods.



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It was in this job that he and his colleagues discovered "a hormone with a herbicidal action"—which became 2-4-D. Until the end of the war it remained a top secret. Obviously, enemy possession of a substance which kills plants might be disastrous to a small land where every acre of crop was precious in time of siege. During this time, too, Quastel developed the underlying principles of a synthetic soil conditioner which, after further development in Canada, has become the commercial product which at this time of year blossoms into a continent-wide advertising campaign aimed at home gardeners.

After the war Quastel's reputation in scientific circles was such that he could just about have his pick of a professorship of biochemistry at any university in the world. He chose McGill, partly because his wife, an American girl he had met in Switzerland, wanted to return to this side of the Atlantic and partly because of the growing opportunities for scientific work in this country.

The Quastels with their two sons, aged nineteen and sixteen now, landed in Montreal in 1947, accompanied by all their worldly possessions, including a houseful of furniture. The day after their arrival Quastel "went out and bought a house." They still live in it.

"I did not," Quastel says now, "realize there was anything extraordinary about buying a house in Montreal in 1947. Since then I have learned it was quite a feat."

The laboratory which produced the glucosamine discovery is no conventional temple of science. Montreal General Hospital's Research Institute is housed in a once-glamorous building, the home of the Morgan family of department-store owners. The high-ceilinged rooms with their ornate fireplaces and carved moldings are now packed, cellar to attic, with scientific equipment. It stands, surrounded by student rooming houses, across University Street from McGill's huge modern medical building.

Quastel, medium in height, his wavy hair iron-grey, is a man of quick movement. His eyes, the intense eyes of a scientist, are seldom without a twinkle. Although the products of his research, in the form of 2-4-D and synthetic soil conditioner, sell for several millions of dollars a year, Quastel receives not a cent in royalties. "People in science," he explained, "don't patent their findings. They just publish them and let others do what they can with them." He smiled. "When I want some 2-4-D or Kriium for my garden I buy them in a hardware store just like anybody else."

He Summers in Brazil

Antonio Cantero was born in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., fifty years ago. After he graduated from McGill he started his research career, literally, in an elevator shaft, with an orange crate for a laboratory. "It was," he explains, "the only space available in the old University of Montreal building to which I was assigned. I cleared the cobwebs away and set up a research project, on the action of sex hormones on mice, in that orange crate."

When the National Cancer Institute of Canada was founded to co-ordinate and support cancer research, Cantero organized Notre Dame's research laboratory, with one assistant. Today the laboratory has expanded into a whole section of its own, with a staff of twenty-two.

Cantero is probably the Canadian scientist with the most widely separated research projects. Every summer he takes up his second appointment, as co-director of the Cancer Institute of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where he lectures and supervises Brazil's first fundamental cancer research project. Somehow he manages to find time for private practice as a gastro-enterologist with offices in downtown Montreal.

Quastel and Cantero are still continuing their work on glucosamine, but in addition Quastel directs a dozen more research projects. Cantero four separate enquiries, and both are responsible for a great deal of more routine work concerned with the running of laboratories attached to hospitals where human patients are treated.

"The present state of medical knowledge," says Quastel, "teaches us one important lesson—that a very great deal more fundamental knowledge of the processes of life is vitally needed."

Fundamental knowledge of the living cell, the basic unit of all life and the basic problem of cancer, is hard to come by. And harder still to translate into cures for the gravest ills of mankind. But the findings of these two Canadians has provided a new stimulus of hope to hundreds of research scientists the world over, and medical men everywhere are watching the outcome with an interest they reserve for the really great potential advances in the conquest of disease. ★



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Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

I'M BEING MARRIED . . . WHAT SUIT DO I WEAR?

It's strange that brides always seem to know what they should wear. Perhaps it's because girls consider a wedding a mighty important event in life and as a result are conscious of correctness. Not because men don't place an importance on being married, but because of their great concern for the future, men seem to try and duck the prerequisites of correct wedding attire.

Perhaps because the cost of becoming a husband is great and the resulting outlay for clothes considerable, men tend to think they can "get away" with a new suit for their wedding day.

Of course, conventions can be tossed aside and each couple can do as they wish. But for correctness, the groom and his attendants must follow the dictates of the bride. If she chooses a long veil, then it's complete formality for all males. If instead she wears a cocktail length dress with a head covering or abbreviated veil or small hat with a face veil, then a dark dressy suit can be worn regardless of the time of day.

When the bride is dressed informally, modern custom now allows the dinner jacket for evening and the director's suit for daytime. They're not correct, but are accepted.

Summer allows further latitude if the bride is not completely formal. A white suit or light colored tropical may be worn for garden weddings and daytime church weddings. Blue blazer and white flannel or serge trousers are also worn during hot weather months.

But don't ever mix formal and informal — unless of course, you don't care.

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The Girl on the Flying Trapeze

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the books, then dropped to the net, a route the flyer always takes as the quickest way down. She sprained her ankle so badly she was unable to complete her performance the next day.

Antoinette learned to bundle for the fall with catlike control, pulling her chin down to her chest, holding her arms close and landing on her shoulders or the back of her head. She developed, from long practice, a special sense of knowing where she was, and where the net was, no matter how or where she was spinning in space. But once, although she knew the net was there, she couldn't see it.

She was playing at the Scala Theatre in Berlin. The performance came during the popularity of a motion picture, *Variety*, starring Emil Jannings. Alfredo Codona had doubled for Jannings in the trapeze sequences of the film and, supposedly, had worked without a net. The management of the Scala, wanting for their audience nothing less suicidal than what was suggested in the picture, concealed the net over the orchestra pit and dimmed the lights so that it couldn't be seen. The trouble was that Antoinette couldn't see it either. She caught a two-and-a-half a little short, and fell. She lit on her head, injuring herself so badly that she was numb and couldn't talk. She was taken to hospital, but, as it was Sunday, they wouldn't open the X-ray room until Arthur Concello got their attention with broken German, English and profanity. Antoinette had her neck in a harness for a week.

Antoinette and Arthur were married in 1929. She had by now become a seasoned trapeze. When she woke up in the circus train she asked the performer's first question of the day: "How far is it to the lot?" and "Is it raining?" She had learned to set up her trunk in the heat, confusion and chatter of the dressing tent, unwrap her mirror, which the night before she had

carefully packed inside her folding canvas chair where it wouldn't be broken, perch it on her trunk and perform all her beauty treatments with two pails of cold water, brought to each performer by the water boy. By the time Ringling took over Sells-Floto, she was doing a one-and-a-half somersault and a double, and she and Arthur had been given a spot in the end ring as The Flying Concellos. Eddie Ward Sr. died and Arthur Concello bought what remained of the Ward Flying School, in Bloomington. Arthur and Antoinette were making about three hundred dollars a week between them.

The circus was now Antoinette's home town. It moved all over the country but kept its own street names and took with it her neighbors, co-workers and friendships, which included such unique ones as that of a giant who used to put her in his boot and hold her in one hand to have her picture taken. She did her best in a one-sided friendship with a French-speaking Ubangi who, hearing that Antoinette had a French background, used to come over on rainy afternoons, take her discs out, leaving her lips hanging down like empty sausages, and settle down for a nice chat, while Antoinette groped for high-school French verbs and backed out the other side of the tent. She got used to, but never familiar with, animals. Once she posed for a publicity picture with an elephant. As the photographer pressed the bulb, the elephant squealed. When the picture was developed all that could be seen of the future Queen of the Flying Trapeze was part of her disappearing off the print.

In 1930, a flyer named Charlie Seigrist, while doing a trick at Madison Square Garden, fell to the edge of the safety net and broke his neck. Antoinette and her husband moved up to take his place in the end ring of the Ringling Show, with Codona performing in the centre. It was the beginning of big time.

Antoinette was not only doing difficult tricks now, but often doing them under difficult conditions. Then and in the following years as her fame mounted, she performed when the temperature at the top of the tent, usually thirty degrees higher than at



ground level, was so hot that anything not wrapped with rope burnt her hands. Once in Johnson City, Tenn., she performed in the tent during a hard freeze, her hands so numb she couldn't be sure she had hold of the bar. Once in Texas, twenty-eight days of solid rain had the lot so soggy that forty-eight horses and two elephants tried to pull a wagon out of the mud and instead pulled it in half. She performed during a cloudburst with water pouring through a rip in the big top, soaking her and almost hiding the catcher. They finished their act, applauded by the people in the audience who had stayed till the end, watching from under umbrellas. She performed for responsive audiences and cold-blooded ones and got used to saying, "We'll try one more trick, and if they don't applaud, to hell with them."

During a winter show in Madison Square Garden she looked down from her pedestal just in time to see a performer named Mitzi Sleeter carried off with a dislocated shoulder. In Detroit she saw a flyer carried off with a bone sticking from his arm. In Baltimore she saw the Geraldsons fall to the ground while doing a double trapeze act.

"It gives you a queer feeling," she says, "but it's the same as if you're a nurse. If you're going to fall over every time you see a drop of blood the doctor is going to say, 'Look, you're a nice kid, but you'll never make it.'"

A Chauffeur for Breakfast

Once in Boston Garden a prop man untied a rope that held a big iron coil, used as a weight to pull up guy lines. Arthur, on the board with her, shouldered her out of the way just as the weight scorched earthward, coming so close to Antoinette that the trailing rope sliced her costume. Once she bounced right out of the net and was caught in mid-air by a rigging boy.

But her worst accident was one in which she wasn't even injured. It was in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The lot was hilly and the net on a slant. She fell, hit the net and bounced out and through the spreader ropes. She felt no worse for the fall, but the management insisted that she be checked and she was taken to a hospital. That night, lying in the hospital bed unable to sleep, she heard the circus train whistle and knew that for the first time in many years it was pulling out without her, carrying with it her town, her friends, her home. It was the loneliest moment of her life.

When Codona, trying for a triple, tore a ligament in his shoulder and quit the circus, it left a vacancy in the centre ring. Antoinette and Arthur moved into his place and made their debut in the top spot of the profession at a full-dress rehearsal at Madison Square Garden before a full representation of management, reporters and photographers. Antoinette went through her whole bag of tricks. In the confusion of congratulations afterward, somebody said, "Judas, Antoinette, I didn't know you could do a two-and-a-half!" The Flying Concellos were in.

From then on, Antoinette changed

WASTED WORDS

To one who's made a blunder,
It should be understood,
Blame, reproach, and wonder
Are just about as good
As a sudden clap of thunder
To a child lost in a wood

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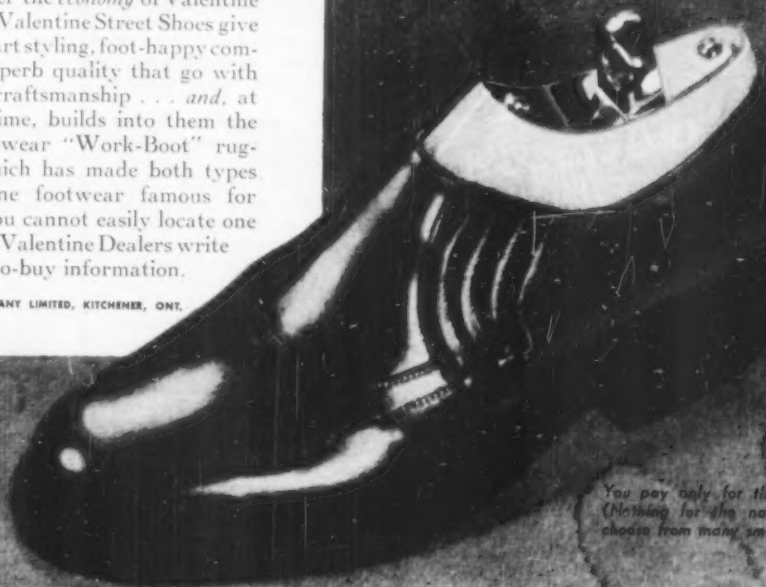
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in a private dressing tent close to the performers' entrance, in accordance with a circus protocol more rigid than the seating arrangement at a governor-general's tea. She and Arthur traveled in a half-car stateroom with a living room, dressing room, shower, kitchen and two bedrooms. They had their own car and a chauffeur to drive them from the train to the lot, and, if they felt like it, uptown for breakfast. It was a point where most people would have stopped. Antoinette, however, began practicing a triple.

She missed hundreds of them. She would find the catcher's arms, but she hadn't timed herself so that she would be set for the grip. Usually she got "whip offs," scorching into the net at an angle. She felt continuously as if she had been lying on her stomach in a blistering sun with her pants off. Sometimes the catcher, Eddie Ward Jr., a veteran scarred by being cracked on the head by enthusiastic but ill-timed flyers, had to haul on one of his legs, changing the direction of his swing and letting her go, with a warning word as she went by. An expression that will forever live in Antoinette Concello's memory as a combined college yell, piece of advice and a prayer, is the sound of her name, necessarily shortened as she whipped by for points unknown: "Watch it, Auntie!"

Then one day she "found" the right spot to harden up. This time when she hit Ward's wrists she hung on. Ward pulled her up, kissed her tenderly and dropped her into the net, where she bounced once and sat down smiling happily. It was the incident that was used for Betty Hutton in The Greatest Show on Earth.

After her first public performance of the triple in Detroit, Antoinette and her husband both did a triple on the same act, hoisting them incontestably to the position of the world's all-time peak flying act. Antoinette kept her two-and-a-half in the act.

Randy Was Neat Trick

Her right shoulder began to yield to a lifetime's wear and tear in 1943 and started giving her trouble. Arthur had quit flying for the executive end of circus life. Antoinette began preparing for a new kind of trick, having a baby. When her son Randy was seven months old she tried flying again, but her shoulder gave her such trouble that she had an operation on it that involved pulling a tendon through a hole bored in a bone. She laid off flying for four years, then started to fly again, this time taking her son along with her under the care of a nurse. She knitted sweaters for him, one of her favorite hobbies; when he wasn't around she tried them on a midget named Harry Doll.

She worked two more years, during which she performed before Canadian audiences in Sherbrooke, Montreal, Belleville, Toronto and London. Then in the spring of 1951, while performing in Washington, she felt her shoulder give as if a suction cup had been pulled off a wall. Her catcher, Jimmy Crocker, who thought one of her arms had suddenly got eight inches longer, waited till the end of his swing then dropped her into the net. It was her last performance.

The first time I talked to Antoinette Concello was at the rehearsal of the grand spectacle for the 1953 season of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, at their winter headquarters, a combination of workshop, zoo and railway siding in a green field just outside Sarasota, Fla. She cleared a space for me on a bench amid a mad scene of cigar-smoking midgets, whinnying horses, elephants, leggy

Florida-tanned show girls, the music of "Bet My Money on a Bobtail Nag," and the frantic instructions of the man supervising the spectacle over a speaker system. She wore a white terrycloth beach outfit and was holding a paper bag containing a thermos in which she carries a supply of coffee practically everywhere she goes on the lot.

She lives in a big ranch-type home in Sarasota, besides which she and her husband have a private railway car on

the lot all the time with a living room, three bedrooms, bathroom, dressing room, kitchen, and servant's quarters. She comes to the lot every day, driving briskly through Sarasota traffic in a pea-green hard-top Cadillac convertible. Her husband drives another Cadillac. Her son, now eight, has been placed in private school to prevent his academic life being disrupted by too much circus razzle-dazzle. When he's home he occasionally mounts the icebox and

CANADIAN ECDOTE



Lyle Glover

The Witch of St. Vallier

IN 1750, in the tiny village of St. Vallier, twenty miles from Quebec City, lived Marie Josephthe Corriveau. Far and wide she was known as La Corriveau. She had a reputation for foretelling the future and some said she was quite capable of making events happen according to her own black fancy. Many a Quebec mademoiselle crossed the St. Lawrence to her tiny stone house at night to buy a love potion to guarantee an amorous ambition.

The villagers believed she used one of her own love potions to enslave Louis Dodier, who was supposed to be a wealthy man. After their marriage she soon found he had no money at all and that he was a nosy nuisance around the house. In true witch's fashion, she rid herself of him by pouring molten lead into his ear while he slept.

Suspicious neighbors caused an investigation and La Corriveau was found guilty of murder. She was taken by oxcart through Quebec's St. Louis Gate one day in 1763 and hanged on the hill

where the Citadel now stands.

But that wasn't the end of La Corriveau. Her body was placed in an iron cage and taken to Levis. There it hung for a long time at a crossroads, a horrible example of the punishment witchcraft could bring.

Finally, holding nothing but loose bones, the cage was cut down and buried beside the road near the cemetery on the top of the hill above Levis. And there it stayed almost a hundred years.

Then one day a stranger visited in Levis and offered a huge price for the rusted twisted cage and its contents. The townsfolk thought he was crazy.

The stranger was P. T. Barnum. He added the grisly spectacle to his world-famous collection of oddities and took it all over North America, while a barker waxed eloquent over all that was left of the evil woman of St. Vallier.

The old cage was finally destroyed by fire in 1872, along with much of the equipment of Barnum's circus. — Herbert L. McDonald.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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shouts, "Look. I'm going to do a twister." Antoinette likes to cook, and sews costumes for the other girls, and at present is having a lot of fun horsing around with an electric organ. She played My Blue Heaven for me, peering intently at the keys, concentrating as if she were going to try a double cut-away half twister, the only trick she hasn't done, ducking her head apologetically when she hit a wrong note. She drinks in moderation, but chain smokes. "I wish I had Art's will power," she said. "If he decides to eat

nothing but string beans and lettuce, he just does it." She loves to watch teen-agers jitterbug and has a secret desire to try it, but has the usual adult terror of giving way to the impulse. She has a gift for gesture and pantomime, and has a lively repertoire of slang, circus jargon and her own verbal inventions. Once, she looked at some sombre oil paintings and said, "It's supposed to be wonderful but I wouldn't give a hoot and a scoot for the whole lot of them."

Sometimes she thinks she'd like to

quit the circus and settle down to cook and keep house, but she knows that it wouldn't work. Her husband would be on the road from spring to fall, and she would be lonelier than if she stayed with the circus. More than that, she'd like to fly again.

"I don't need an audience," she said. "I'd just like to swing again. Just for fun. Art doesn't want me to go back. He isn't as much of a ham as I am. But there's my arm." She fingered her shoulder and said thoughtfully. "They say there's a new way of fixing it." ★

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Malenkov: The Machine-Man Whom Nobody Knows

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

one whose dramatic career had a wider appeal for young men than that of the quiet, conniving, brutish man called Stalin. At this point young Malenkov's antennae almost played him false; almost but not quite. He sat on the fence until the last moment and then jumped into the right camp, the Stalin camp. He was therefore in a position, when in 1924 Stalin emerged alone and triumphant after Lenin's death, to make a purge of the Trotskyite students who had so lately been his companions. He did this with such ruthless efficiency—at the age of twenty-two—that he came to the attention of the great leader himself.

This feat patterned his life and thereafter neither his antennae nor his instinct for power played him false. From 1924, when he proved he was capable of purging his fellow students; through the terrifying Thirties, when he made up the master lists of the thousands who went to their deaths; through 1948, when he eliminated politically and perhaps physically his great rival, Andrei Zhdanov; to the freezing March day of 1953 when he came away from Stalin's funeral and marched past Molotov and Beria to occupy the desk of the master—his instinct to incline to power, to appropriate a discreet amount of it, and to wield it for his own advancement, never failed him. The antennae, the instinct and the cleverness blended perfectly. The machine-man had reached his zenith.

There is one salient fact about Malenkov on which the intelligence estimates of every West European chancellery are agreed. It is that he was Stalin's personal successor-designate for at least three years before the leader died. This simple widely known fact is invested by diplomats with the greatest significance because of the light it sheds on Malenkov's character.

Stalin had three general choices to consider as his successor. There were the old Bolsheviks, as exemplified by Vyacheslav Molotov, an old Lenin colleague, a popular and respected figure in the nation, a man U. S. Secretary of State Foster Dulles has called the most brilliant diplomatist he had ever known. There was Lavrenti P. Beria, the state security chief, a Bolshevik of the younger school, who represented a faction which concerned itself with the acquisition of power and was known to have independent ideas about the future of the state. Only two years older than Malenkov, Beria was nevertheless not considered of the same generation of Communists because he had come up through the hard school of the original secret police, the Cheka, and not through the hand-picked intellectual class. The third choice was the pure first-generation Communist as represented by Malenkov.

It is not difficult to trace the reasoning Stalin must have used to make his choice.

He knew Malenkov intimately for more than twenty-seven years. Fresh

from his purge of his fellow students Malenkov became Stalin's private secretary at twenty-three. Five years later, when Stalin sensed the need for the great economic purges, he brought Malenkov into the central apparatus of the party from which position his talents for ruthlessness could best be used. In 1934, when Stalin prepared the final great purge of his political enemies, he elevated Malenkov to the post of chief of the personnel departments of the Kremlin, and in the next four years, the young man (in association with Andrei Y. Vishinsky) became the effective

"finger man" for hapless old Bolsheviks like Bukharin, Rykov and Tomsky. He made so great a success of this mission that in 1939 Stalin raised him to the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

On the outbreak of war in 1941 Stalin tested out Malenkov's technical ability by placing him in charge of airplane production. He did, by all reports, a brilliant job, and was rewarded with direction of the nation's development of war industries. Here again his ruthlessness and efficiency brought immense results and, with victory at hand, Stalin

admitted him into full membership in the Politburo.

What is apparent here is that Stalin tested Malenkov in every conceivable kind of mission and found him the perfect machine, the true echo of the master's voice. When the Communist Party congress gathered in Moscow last October—the first such congress in twenty-two years—Stalin, for reasons of health or to show the nation his choice of successor, selected Malenkov to deliver the report which set the sights of the Soviet empire into the future.

Stalin selected Malenkov as his succes-



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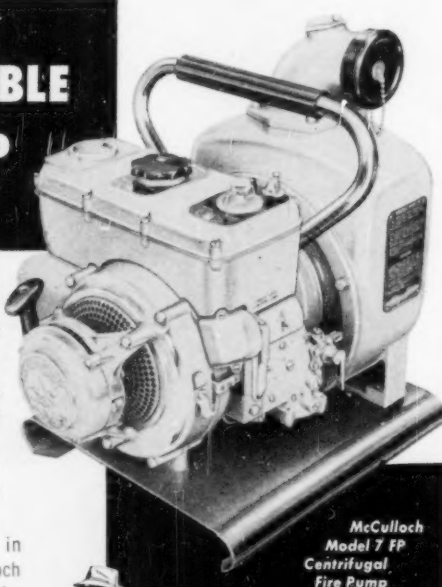
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sor because even in death he felt it necessary that his wisdom prevail through the unforeseeable future. He selected the man who had no personality and no popularity in the nation, the man who had no sense of independent ideological direction, the man, who once set upon a course, could be relied on to follow it without deviation, the man who knew how to wield political power without the quality of political personality. He chose this man over Molotov and Beria because he wanted pure Stalinism to remain the political bible of the empire.

He chose, in short, the machine-man, the perfect product of the first generation of Communist religion, the man with no sense of humor or of humanity, the man whose face and body mask an apparatus of the highest efficiency, the man whose human side is known to the Kremlin publicists to the extent of only one sentence: He has been married twice and has two children.

In death, Stalin has launched a great new Soviet experiment. Is there such a thing as a machine-man? Can the executor of his last will and testament fight off the urges of independent action which must be latent within the spirit of every human being? Can his instinct for power prove resilient enough to withstand the attacks of the cunning and more popular Bolsheviks who are his deputy premiers?

Thus far his public pronouncements have parroted the Stalin line of peace but they lacked Stalin's cleverness and they certainly failed to achieve Stalin's impact on the world.

The great danger to peace lies in the application of Malenkov's machine mind to Stalin's policy which was strong, even vicious, but not intractable. Stalin played a dangerous game but he knew when to withdraw, as he did in Iran in 1946, in the Berlin blockade of 1949 and as he might have done in Korea if he had known that the Western allies would resist. Stalin's policy of playing dangerously on the brink of war was one only he could indulge because of his extraordinary talents of cleverness and flexibility. If he bequeathed such a policy to Malenkov at a time when the Western allies are gaining peak strength and losing patience, the diplomatic year ahead is stormy indeed, and beyond that the prospect for peace is foreboding.

The great question is: Can Stalin's brilliant but mechanically conditioned disciple replace the old master at a chessboard on which nations are pawns and a single misplay means world catastrophe?

The words of the ex-diplomat in London return to mind: "Indeed we discussed and argued, but at the end of each session he always came up with the same answer which was his original position. Like a mechanical brain when certain elements are fed into it, his result never deviated a fraction."

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By Tom Talman

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* * *

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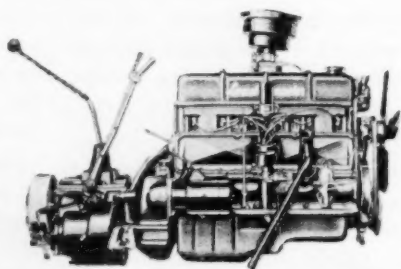
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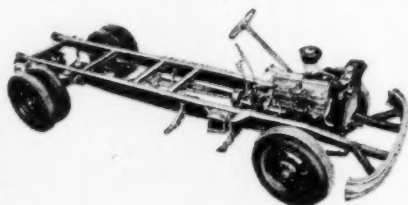


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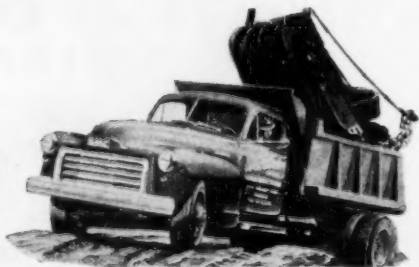
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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

able to spend the current year at school in Switzerland. It was an opportunity that almost any parent would have welcomed. Anyone who would refuse it out of concern for his own political safety would be beneath contempt.

Drew spoke later the same evening. He made no reference to Gour's remarks except to say:

"I am not going back over some of the things that have been said in this House, Mr. Speaker, and I will do no more in that respect than express the hope that those outside this House who do read Hansard will read a speech that was made here tonight, and will know that the Prime Minister was in his seat at the time, as well as several other ministers. The remarks which are on the record, and which I hope will be read, are an indication of some of the kinds of remark made on the other side of the House which meet with the approval of members on that side.

"I need say no more because the remarks that were made speak eloquently for themselves. They are a preview of the kind of thing that doubtless some of us may expect in the coming election."

That same speech by Joseph Gour produced one of the funnier interchanges of the session, too. Earlier in his remarks, Gour threw a facetious harpoon at Henri Courtemanche, of Labelle, one of the two Canadian Conservatives to be elected in 1949. Gour referred to "l'honorable député de Labelle, monsieur 'courte vue' (short view) . . . ah! non, excusez, monsieur Courtemanche . . ."

Henri Courtemanche rose to the bait: "On a point of order, Mr. Speaker, I would like . . ."

Another Liberal, Leopold Langlois, of Gaspé, cut in: "Parlez le français, s'il vous plaît . . . Avez-vous honte de votre langue? (Are you ashamed of your language?)"

Poor Courtemanche, hurriedly switching into French, answered "I'm not ashamed of my language, but I understand that Mr. Speaker understands English better than French . . . Mr. Speaker, I invoke the rules. I ask the honorable member not to mention the name of a fellow member, as he has just done."

Getting no response from the chair

he switched back to English: "I rise on a point of order."

Speaker Ross Macdonald, whose French is the subject of much good-natured mirth in parliament, then said, "What is the point of order? *Quel est le point d'ordre?*"

Courtemanche, again in English: "I understand that the rules do not allow a member to refer to another hon. member by his name. I should like the hon. member for Russell to withdraw that word."

Langlois, also in English: "You are asking him to withdraw your own name? Are you ashamed of it?"

"No," said the unhappy Courtemanche, "I am not ashamed of it."

Meanwhile Joseph Gour, whenever the other three paused to draw breath, had been going placidly on with his speech in French. Mr. Speaker finally interrupted him: "Order. The hon. member should refer to another hon. member of the House by his constituency and not by his name."

Said Gour in English: "I am sorry if I made a mistake in his name." He then continued in French.

...

UNEMPLOYMENT was probably worse this spring than at any time since the war. Yet the two labor federations, which in 1950 were clamoring for federal action, this year made no fuss at all.

One reason is that the federal Labor Department finally lost an old argument with other branches of the government service. It has stopped issuing figures which grossly overstated the unemployment situation and spread alarm and despondency among Canadian wage earners.

Until this year the Labor Department issued a weekly statement of total "unplaced applicants" for jobs. This figure was intended, and both labor congresses accepted it, as the most accurate measurement of current unemployment in Canada.

Other analysts disagreed. They pointed out that even in times of maximum prosperity and peak employment the Labor Department's books always showed at least a hundred thousand "unemployed." Also, they could produce other figures which they believed to be much more accurate.

Every three months the Bureau of Statistics used to carry out a "labor-force survey" based on exhaustive

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LEONARD K. SCHIFF

questioning of a representative sample—thirty thousand families across Canada, or about one hundred thousand people over the age of fourteen. These questions established several categories—people working full time; people working part time, and why; people not working but having jobs (temporary lay-offs, etc.); people working but looking for other jobs; and finally the hard core of genuine unemployment, people who were not working but who were looking for jobs. This last figure was normally less than half the Labor Department's total of "unplaced applicants."

Labor Department statisticians pooh-poohed the bureau's results. "That's only a sample," they said. "Our figures represent real people. Those are just lines on a graph."

What first shook them was the publication of 1951 census results. These showed the bureau's labor-force survey to be substantially correct—evidently the sample had been an accurate cross section of the Canadian working population.

An interdepartmental committee suggested, last fall, that both the bureau and the Labor Department carry out a thorough check of the Unemployment Insurance Commission's records in some area chosen at random. They made a survey in Toronto. It showed that about one third of the "unplaced applicants," formerly taken as unemployed, were actually at work. Others were not much interested in finding work.

The Labor Department discontinued its weekly press releases. The Bureau of Statistics was asked to make its labor-force survey monthly instead of quarterly. The two departments now issue a joint release each month showing all the figures relating to unemployment.

April figures, normally the peak of seasonal unemployment, have not been published at the time of writing (they're due this week) but the "unplaced applicants" are expected to number about the same as the 1950 peak, 428,000. However, the same press release will show fewer than two hundred thousand "not working and looking for work."

Bureau of Statistics people themselves point out that their figure somewhat understates the real unemployment situation. About twenty thousand people are "working and looking for other work." Others are working part time and would like to work full time. Still others are actually unemployed and depending on unemployment insurance until their local factory reopens—but they are not looking for jobs, because they have jobs already.

The bureau also points out that there is a very different economic climate now from that of 1950. Then there was widespread fear of a depression, and the spring unemployment was taken as a storm signal. This year everything points to continued prosperity.

But, when all that is said, it is still true that labor federations and workers generally are less likely to be excited by a complete balanced table of figures than they were by "raw" totals from the U.I.C. ★

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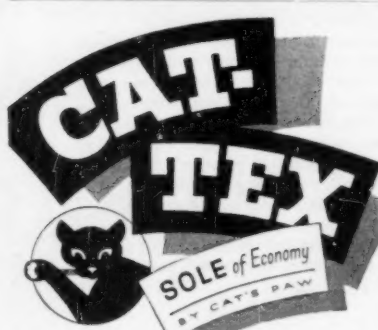
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Sincere congratulations on your superb article, *The Crisis in Education* (March 1), by Sidney Katz. It will do more good for education than anything that has appeared in Canada for a long time.—N. V. Scarfe, Dean, Faculty of Education, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

• Maclean's is to be congratulated upon the objective way in which they are tackling this problem.—Charles D. Ovans, general secretary, B. C. Teachers' Federation, Vancouver.

• I am very much interested in the series . . . and congratulate you upon it. I have been carrying the fight in the House over a number of years for federal aid to education.—R. R. Knight, MP, Ottawa.

• I think you did a very fine job.—Caroline Robins, Saskatoon.

• Seldom have I read an article which was so disappointing. It is an insult to all schoolteachers of rural background.—Mrs. Roy J. Coulter, Milverton, Ont.

• Katz' charge that sixty percent of the teachers in training possess "a narrow social and cultural outlook" because they come from the country reveals his own standards to be of the bargain-counter, chain-store, tin-can-opener variety.

Many Maclean's readers, like myself, prefer the handicrafts, the flower gardens, the pickle shelves and the homemade bread of the country as a better measure of culture and social values.—E. L. Eaton, Upper Canard, N.S.

• Holey Katz!—Peter J. Perehinczuk, Melnice, Man.

• Mr. Katz reveals most lamentable conditions. "Teachers are born, not made" is a firm conviction of many serious-minded people. There must be a love of the child, and there must be a love and a skill of imparting knowledge to the child. Some people have not the vestige of either in their make-up and it is a sheer waste of money to train them for teaching.—Mrs. George Putnam, Vancouver.

• Who is this Sidney Katz? And where did he get his narrow social (and cultural) outlook? Since when are people from rural areas any more unrefined in morals and intellect than urban dwellers? And since when have teachers with city background been more acceptable than others?—Mrs. W. J. Johnston, Swan River, Man.

• I must say that I was very much annoyed at the reference to the scholarships which had been provided by a Halifax high-school home and school association, and the \$1,000 worth of hymnbooks. These were listed "on the debit side."

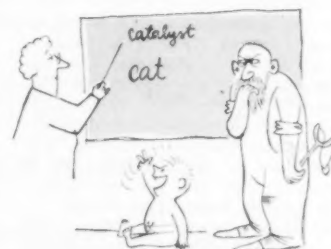
As secretary of the Queen Elizabeth High School and of the Home and School Association of that school I had an active part in the scholarship fund . . . "Purposes of a Secondary School

Association," as listed on page 80 of the handbook published by the Canadian Federation, reads as follows: "To assist worthy students of limited means to pursue their education." Under Projects, "bursaries" are listed as one of the projects approved by the federation.

No. 6 of the Aims of a Home and School Organization reads, "To obtain the best for each child according to his physical, mental, social and spiritual needs." We consider that in providing the Canadian Youth Hymnal for our students for daily use in their devotional exercises we are decidedly carrying out part of this aim.

We, too, have had panel discussions on homework and other topics pertaining to the school and its work. Our next program will feature "Citizenship Training in Education."—Grace E. Travis, Halifax.

• Being a rural schoolteacher with more than thirty pupils in all grades, one to eight, I suggest that a solution might be the transferring of pupils between schools so that no teacher would be asked to cope with more than four grades. I do not think that either



a university degree or a high IQ can make it possible for any teacher to successfully carry on classes in social studies with grades four to eight while conducting reading or spelling with grades one and two, or to conduct English with five, six, seven and eight while carrying on social studies with junior grades.—Mrs. J. L. Pelton, Spencerville, Ont.

• Sidney Katz missed one significant psychological point in discussing teachers' salaries: the teacher has the task, in his underpaid job, to train and educate children whose parents will enable them to go forward to wealth and prosperity while the teacher's children remain behind.—J. L. Hodlund, Vancouver.

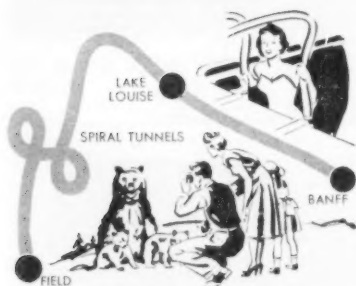
• As a teacher I love every word of it. It seems to me that education is like music and art, something which should be done well or not at all.—C. C. Wright, Cornwall, Ont.

• Although the Press across Canada decries the teacher shortage — many good teachers (in B. C.) are unable to rehabilitate in cases where they suffered short illnesses or other reverses which put them out of commission about the time the Cameron Report was getting results. Many of us considered our

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disabilities to be temporary—but we find the B. C. Teachers' Federation to be unapproachable—even insulting—concerning our rehabilitation. I believe there are enough of us to establish that the teacher shortage is artificial rather than actual, and that it is fostered by a group of psychopathic "young men" (if fortyish is young) who are fighting for the establishment of a teaching profession full of high salaries rather than high ideals. — Scarlet Styx, Robert's Bay, B.C.

• Who wants to learn anyhow? In my travels recently I came across a community which had planned winter night school courses, spent a large amount of money in research and advertising. Preparation was made to care for about two hundred adults; only five registered. —John Hutchings, Ridgeway, Ont.

• How good a job are our schools doing? asks Sidney Katz. Like the majority of French-Canadian children of low-income parents I had to quit school when I was only sixteen. I am now an accountant for an English firm here in Quebec City. The struggle I had to get the kind of education required for my job qualifies me to give a correct answer to your writer.

I could not speak or write a word of English when I left school. I learned the little I know by going to school at night, because my teachers were too busy teaching me that the French had discovered Canada. Sometimes it would take them a whole afternoon to convince us that the French were good and brave soldiers while the English were malicious wrong-doers.

It is doubtful that Mr. Katz will have a fair chance to study the crisis of education around here, because no crisis will ever be allowed to develop behind the "iron curtain" of education in this province... Our educators ought to be proud of themselves: they have succeeded so far in convincing our people that they ought to be French-Canadians before being Canadians. And we still hear talk of Canadian unity! —Gaston Chevalier, Quebec City.

• I regretted that no recognition was given to the assistance rendered by the Canadian Legion Educational Services, which has provided academic correspondence courses for the armed forces since 1941. I should like to express gratitude for the opportunity the C.L.E.S. has given me, and many other servicemen, to complete our interrupted education. —R. E. Gale, Royal Canadian Dragoons, Petawawa, Ont.

Ten Best on Their Toes

In The Girl Who Became Melissa Hayden (Mar. 15) you stated that she is considered one of the ten best ballerinas in the world today. Who are the other nine and in what order are they ranked? —Linda Cameron, Winnipeg.

Even the experts disagree on specific ratings but writer Ken Johnstone himself rates them: Tamara Toumanova, Alicia Markova, Margot Fonteyn, Maria Tallchief, Alicia Alonso, Yvette Chauviré, Beryl Grey, Melissa Hayden, Renée Jeanmaire, Rosella Hightower.

The Second Would Be First

I have read your first, second and third prize-winning stories and if I had been judge the second would have been first, the first and third wouldn't have been in the money. The Firing Squad (Jan. 1) is a disgrace to the Canadian Army, and if A Man's Got to Lie Once in a While (Feb. 1) is the best of five

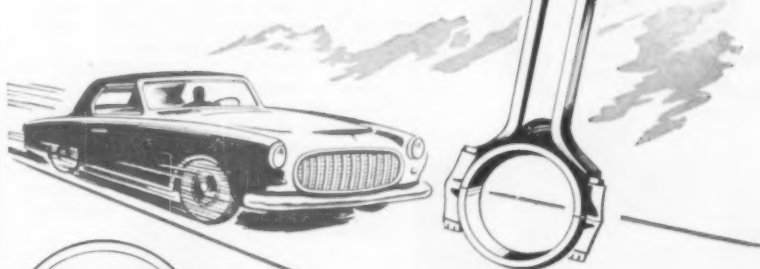
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CANADA'S FINEST
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written by Vera Johnson then the
others must have been pretty bad . . .
There is no sense to it—A.H. Rawlins,
White Rock, B.C.

In fact Vera Johnson submitted eleven.

● After reading Vera Johnson's re-
markable third-prize story I became
very worried. What if They decide to
stop the Canoe Causeway in the middle
until they want some more votes?
—Reva Grace Marshall, Truro, N.S.

● Good for your future in recognizing
the top quality of Colin McDougall's
The Firing Squad. The author's
sensitivity and warm compassion show
him to be a Canadian O. Henry.
—Mrs. Helen G. Legg, St. John's, Que.

● How pleased I was to hear Mac-
lean's first-prize story, The Firing
Squad, by Colin McDougall, drama-
tized very recently on the CBC. Again
I say, congrats.—Jerry McPhae, Syd-
ney Mines, N.S.

● The three prize-winning stories were
pena.—Eunice Gilbert, Up. Rawdon,
N.S.

God Bless Sonia

We have read with emotion the story
of *Mme d'Artois (Sonia Was a Spy)*,
Feb. 15 by McKenzie Porter. We are
proud to have in Canada a brave
woman with such a high degree of
devotion, courage and patriotism.

God Bless *Mme d'Artois*.—Pierre
Campagne, Willow Bunch, Sask.

● What you need, and need fast, is a
bevy of new writers, American ones if
necessary, and articles of more interest
to the general public, who couldn't care
less if Sonia was a spy.—Mrs. Leone
Wheeler, Brandon, Man.

At the Capital

In *Do Civil Servants Earn Their
Salaries?* (Jan. 15) it is written, "Per-
manent civil servants can be dismissed
only by order-in-council, a formal act
of the cabinet. In practice it hardly
ever happens for any cause short of
theft or treason."

This didn't make very good reading
matter for the permanent civil ser-
vants who were not guilty of theft or
treason, released from the Montreal
income-tax office in 1951 because of a
"new establishment" and without
knowledge of an order-in-council hav-
ing been passed.—Malcolm Green,
Montreal.

● Great tears mingled with his ink,
Blair Fraser tells us that officers of the
federal Treasury Board and the Treas-
ury Office "are cruelly overworked by
the appalling load of petty detail they
have to carry." The poor, poor fellows!
I weep with Fraser. My sobs would
rack me more, however, were it not for
the knowledge that the load is largely
of treasury's own devising.

No one who had opportunity to
observe civil-service affairs at Ottawa
at close range during the past twenty
years or so needs to be told that the
Treasury services worked persistently
—and, alas, successfully—to widen
their own powers and extend their
authority.—K. V. Myre, Highland,
Park, Ont.

Name Twenty MPs

I was very much impressed by Blair
Fraser's *Backstage* at Washington
(Feb. 15). Although I did not want to
believe it, the truth always comes out.
How many Canadians know the names
of twenty MPs in Canada? When a

Canadian picks up a newspaper all he
can read about is the U.S. Congress.

The Canadian government is almost
unknown to the Canadian public. It's
time we did something about it.
—Henry Blackburn, Guelph, Ont.

● Despite leaning over backwards to
dissociate himself from Britain, your
Blair Fraser seems to have hit upon a
line which might actually help—free
markets, lower barriers, reduce protec-
tion. But wait! he has sent it to the
wrong address! Instead of smug
exhortations to Britain to "put her
house in order" such adjurations should
be taken to heart and addressed to
"our American friends," without whose
blessing, of course, we should not dare
to take a step of our own.—W. J.
Downs, Edmonton.

Rush it to Arusha

Perhaps you would be interested to
learn of the long distances traveled by
my copy of Maclean's. My cousin,
Mrs. J. Prescott, of Winnipeg, has been
sending it to me for many years; I



send it on to my son in Boundary
Bend, Victoria; after he and his friends
read it, it finishes up in the Swan
Hill hospital. Some copies I send to
Arusha, Tanganyika, East Africa.

Strange as it may seem, we have
read things in Maclean's about Aus-
tralia that we have not seen in Sydney
papers.—Lilian B. Bellini, Balmain,
N.S.W., Australia.

Sour on Apples

Your article, *The Succulent Okana-
gan* (Feb. 1), relates how one million
boxes of apples were "presented" to
Britain by the B. C. apple growers.
This was actually a hoax perpetrated
at the expense of the Canadian tax-
payers. Earlier in the season the Can-
adian government had bought a million
surplus boxes from Nova Scotia growers
and presented them to Britain. This
took the strain off the apple market
and, in spite of a glut in B. C., enabled
the latter to maintain high prices . . .
The result was that B. C. growers had a
highly profitable year but wound up
with a surplus million boxes.

They approached Mr. Gardiner with
a "me, too" request. A "deal" was
fixed up. The growers would "present"
the embarrassing million boxes to
Britain and the government would
reimburse them later. History does not
record whether the one hundred thou-
sand "grateful letters" were deposited
in the archives at Ottawa for the
benefit of the taxpayers to read at their
leisure.—I. MacDonald, Winnipeg.

● If you want to see and know the real
McIntosh apple confine your good self
to St. John River, Nashwaak, Nash-
waak's Valleys . . . a far more flavor-
able fruit.—E. A. Mullin, Newcastle,
N.B. ★

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WIT AND WISDOM



THEATRE IN THE ROUND Much is expected in Hollywood from three-dimensional movies—let's hope the stories won't be quite so flat. *Stratford (Ont.) Beacon-Herald.*

WISH YOU WERE HERE Now is the time to start doing a little more work—so you'll be missed while on this summer's vacation. *Rouyn-Noranda (Que.) Press.*

DEAR DIARY The reason older people are quiet is because they have a lot more to be quiet about. *Calgary Albertan.*

SEEING DOUBLE People seldom think alike until it comes to buying wedding presents. *Victoria Colonist.*

WRONG NUMBER Even without a knowledge of science, most folks know what happens when a body is immersed in water—the telephone rings. *Toronto Star.*

PLUNGER Then there was the racing enthusiast who was sore because his wife went and blew all their money on the rent. *Vancouver Province.*

REMNANTS A bargain rush is when a woman ruins her dress trying to grab herself another which she also ruins in the attempt. *Ottawa Evening Citizen.*

IN THE SOUP If you have cold feet don't be surprised if the world keeps you in hot water.—*Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.*

ECHO The second-floor tenant called the party living below and shouted: "If you don't stop playing that blasted saxophone, I'll go crazy."

"I guess it's too late," came the reply. "I stopped an hour ago." *Medicine Hat (Alta.) News.*

HOMEWORK A Frenchman asked a German how they distinguished between an optimist and a pessimist in Germany.

"It is very simple," replied the German. "The optimists are learning English and the pessimists are learning Russian." *Kingston (Ont.) Whig Standard.*

TRUCE TALK On his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary—one day last November—the man of the house started out for the office as usual. "Wait," his wife called, "don't you know what day this is?"

"Yes, of course I do," he hurriedly replied.

"Well, how are we going to celebrate it?"

He thought a minute, "Well, what's wrong with the two minutes' silence?" *Nanaimo (B.C.) Free Press.*

GOOD SHIP Willie was sailing his toy boat in the bathtub one Sunday morning.

"Don't you know it's wicked to sail boats on Sunday?" his mother asked.

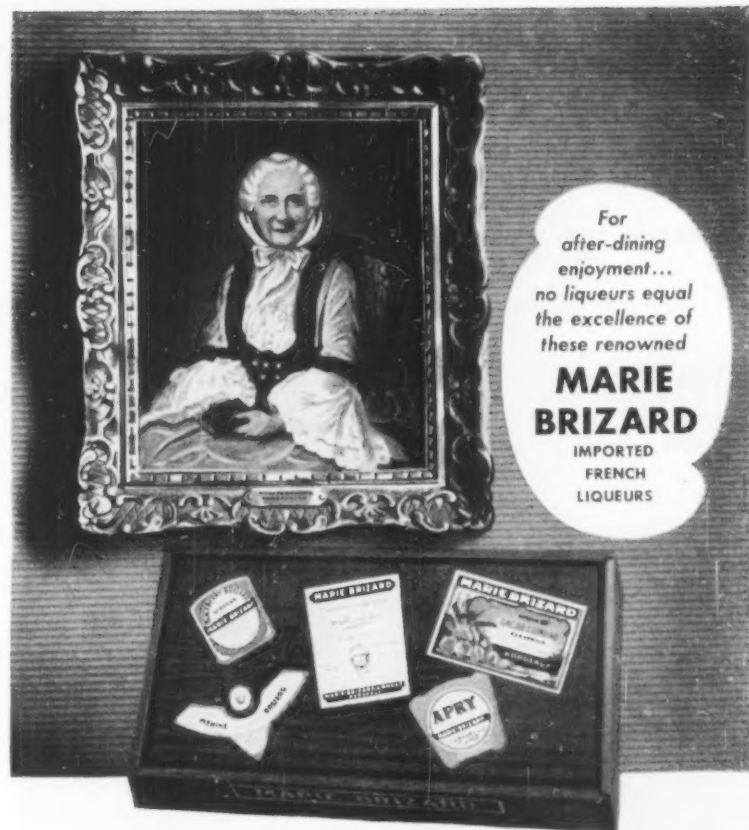
"This isn't a pleasure trip," Willie replied calmly. "It's a missionary boat going to Africa." *Eganville (Ont.) Leader.*

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MADE WITH genuine curaçao oranges

CACAO

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Give Mother the lighter that says she rates the best! Ronsons are gems of design, made with jewellers' precision. Ronson Standard. In luxurious red, green or brown lizard, \$9.25. Other Ronson purse lighters from only \$6.50.



Give grads who mean most to you the lighter they said means most to them... A Ronson! It will have an honoured place in their futures! Ronson Vanstan gas lighter. Thousands of lights from each throw-away fuel cartridge. Rich black enamel, \$13.50.



Give Mother the table lighter that belongs in a beautiful home! She'll display it with pride, use it with pleasure! Ronson Leona. In coral, blue or floral enamel; silver plate. \$14.50.



Smart young mothers will be thrilled by Ronson's smart looks, sure lights! Ronson Adonis. Slim purse lighter. In ivory enamel, with floral motif. \$14.25.



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Make a grad glad with a Ronson. It has set sensational records for non-stop performance! Ronson Whirlwind, disappearing wind-shield. Rich tortoise enamel, \$12.00.



Mark the winning of diplomas with the gift they're proudest of—a superlative Ronson! Ronson Spartan. Desk lighter, chromium plate, indented ebony enamel bands, \$15.00.

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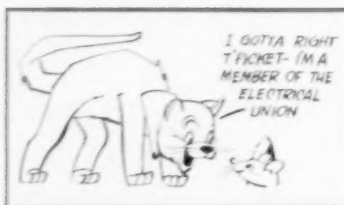
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
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AT A restaurant counter in Cornwall, Ont., a young RCAF officer peered intently into the kitchen where the cook was spreading thick icing on a cake. The airman stared in rapt silence for a while, then scribbled a note on a serviette, wrapped it around a dime and sent it into the kitchen.

A minute later the cook emerged smiling and handed over the icing bowl. Then, while other customers beamed, the flyer scraped it clean.

Two electricians in Macgregor, Man., bogged down in the middle of a house-wiring job. How were they



going to thread the electric wiring along the inaccessible floor joists?

They finally came up with a solution that's not in any electrician's handbook. They tied a string to a kitten's tail, fastened the wire to the string and coaxed kitty through the cramped floor area, dragging her tail and the wire behind her.

A Vancouver woman boarded a jam-packed rush-hour streetcar the other day, fumbled through the welter of passengers for the ticket box, but couldn't seem to locate the slot.

Finally she tracked down her hand and found she'd been trying to stuff her fare into a workman's lunch box.

A farmer near Orillia, Ont., utilizes everything in his apples, judging from this sign outside his gate:

FOR SALE
APPLE CIDER
and
WORMS

A middle-aged couple were shopping for a fur coat in Regina. The woman had narrowed her choice to two furs, one a high-priced luxury number, the other somewhat less expensive.

Eager to press home the expensive sale, the salesgirl urged breezily, "Oh, spend his money. If you don't he'll only spend it on his second wife."

There was a long frosty silence. Then the customer murmured, "I am his second wife."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A young husband near Creston, B.C., took his relatives out for a drive and listened silently for a while to the steady instructions from a female in-law in the back seat. As he passed the town dump, he stopped, rummaged about for a minute and returned.

"Here," he said, dumping an old steering wheel in the startled woman's lap. "you drive that."

Tired of the vague response he received each time he mentioned Canada a young member of the Canadian Legation in Stockholm got himself a king-size map of Europe, tacked it to the wall of his den and superimposed on it an outline map of Canada on the same scale. The Yukon is on Greenland, the Mari-times reach well into Russia and the bulk of the Dominion engulfs the rest of Europe down to the Mediterranean.

Nowadays when visitors absently refer to the "little overseas colony" of Canada the patriot kindly, quietly but firmly leads them to his map.

A Hamilton, Ont., appliance store was demonstrating a washing machine, with a round glass door in front. A salesman filled it with dirty

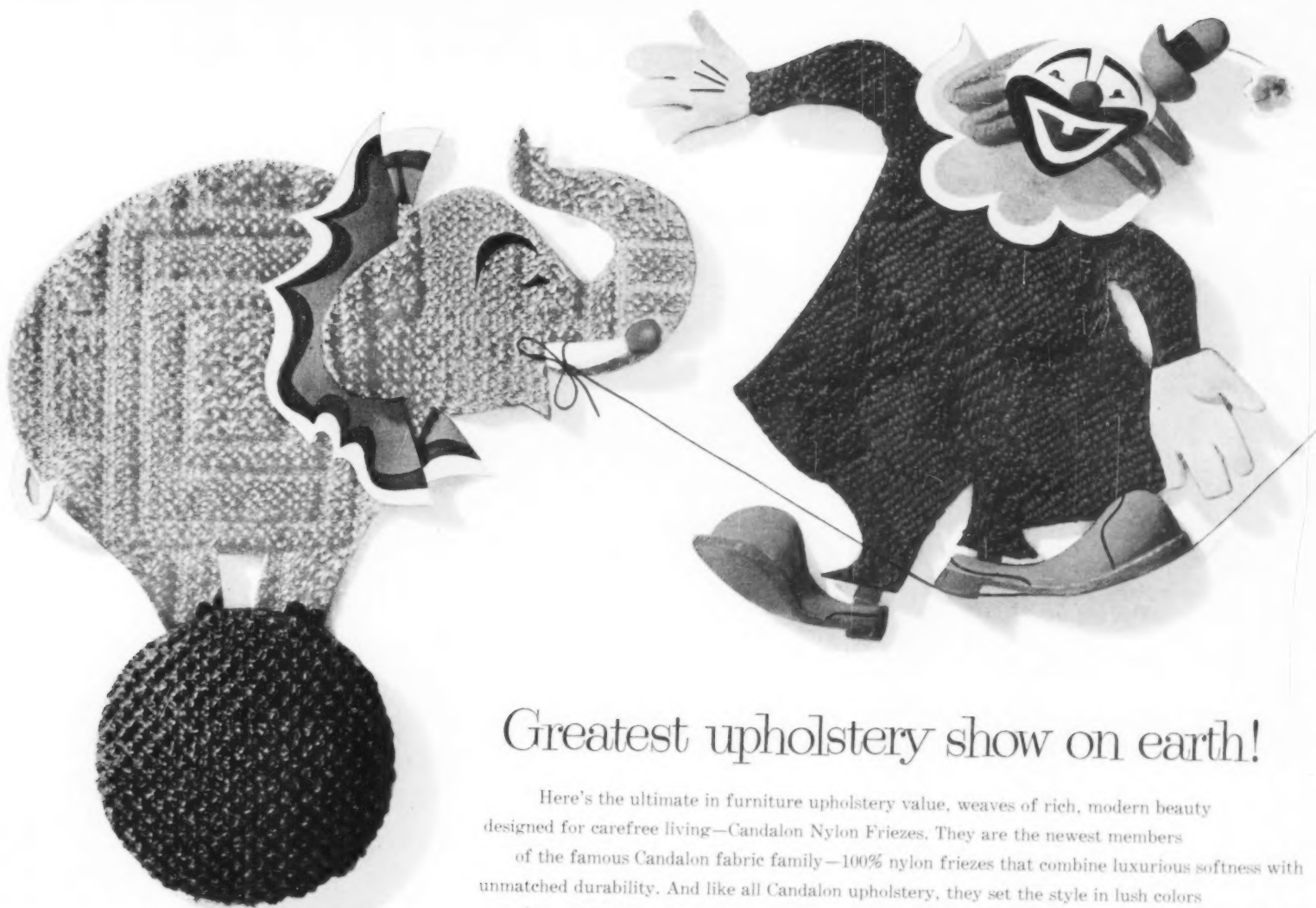


linen and left it running in the show window.

An elderly woman came by, watched for a while and sniffed to her companion, "Well, if that's their television they can keep it."

A Toronto professor who has photographed scenery all over the world won the supreme compliment at a recent showing of his color slides. He flashed a close-up on the screen—a life-size photo of the heart of a wild flower.

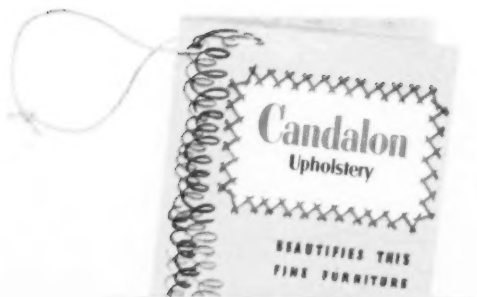
His appreciative female audience gazed in silence. Then the spell was shattered by a genuine hay-fever sneeze.



Greatest upholstery show on earth!

Here's the ultimate in furniture upholstery value, weaves of rich, modern beauty designed for carefree living—Candalon Nylon Friezes. They are the newest members of the famous Candalon fabric family—100% nylon friezes that combine luxurious softness with unmatched durability. And like all Candalon upholstery, they set the style in lush colors and smart patterns. If you want lovely upholstery that will stand a heap of living—clean with a whisk of a damp cloth, and remain a delight for years—you want Candalon Nylon Friezes. Candalon upholstered furniture is sold by good stores everywhere—and the cost is surprisingly little.

P. S.—Thinking about a new car? Remember the smartest are Candalon upholstered—many in Candalon Nylon!

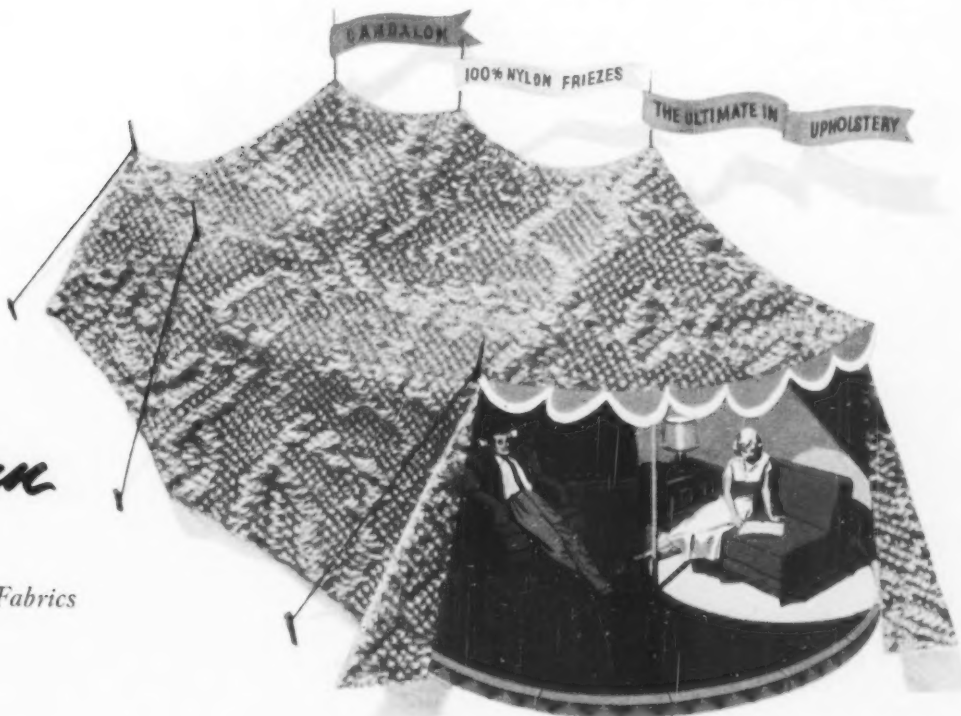


When looking at new furniture, look for this Candalon Tag to get the finest upholstery fabrics, whether in mohair, wool or nylon.

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